

The Sketch



No. 613.—Vol. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MISS PAULINE CHASE, PLAYING CÉCILE IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLÉ.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Oct. 24.

YOU see, the difference between the fool born and the fool made is on this wise, namely, that the fool born dreads sadness, whereas the fool made is never so happy as when he is sad. The seeming paradox is easy of explanation, for the fool born is ever afraid of life, but the fool made has learnt, of his folly, the art of philosophy. Instance, gentles, the immortal Clown in Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night." To the drunken Sir Toby Belch and the innately foolish Sir Andrew Ague-cheek he sings a rollicking love-song—

"What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

"A mellifluous voice," says Sir Andrew. "A contagious breath," says Sir Toby. And the Clown, knowing the real worth of his sixpenny sentiments, says not a word. For all that, he pockets his sixpence. And why not? He has sung them a song—a song of sixpence.

Note, however, the conduct of this wise fool when he is bidden to sing before the Duke and Viola. There is no talk then of present mirth and present laughter. He puts away the cheap-jack lie, "What is love? 'tis not hereafter." Sings he—

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!"

"There's for thy pains," says the Duke. And the sweet Clown, the very spirit of every man who, for the very reason that he can laugh at life, is not afraid to cry, makes answer, "No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir." "I'll pay thy pleasure, then," persists the Duke. And again the Clown, with infinite tact, yet dreading lest he should be compelled to receive money for his expression of exquisite mood, is bold enough to reply, "Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another."

This sentimental rigmarole, of which I am not in the least ashamed, is the result of my having just read a serious book by a modern humourist. The fool made to whom I refer is Mr. Barry Pain, and the book is a novel, entitled "Lindley Kays." Mr. Barry Pain, for once in a way, has rested from his task of raising laughter, and has been sufficiently self-indulgent as to write the simple story of a sensitive boy, obscurely born, who won his way through the sorrows of childhood and the bitternesses of youth to wealth and happiness. It is really wonderful that a man of middle age should have been able to recall so vividly the trials of boyhood. To a certain extent, "Lindley Kays" must surely be autobiographical; no man could enter so minutely, so sympathetically into the immature impressions and feelings of another. That, indeed, is the real charm and strength of the book—the careful, exhaustive study of the boy's mind. In the latter half of the novel, unfortunately, Mr. Barry Pain has found the necessity of "padding"; he has persuaded himself that he must "make a book of it." The story would have been far better, to my mind, if it had concluded at the point where Lindley leaves his humble home and goes to a public-school. At the same time, the song is a good song; one must not allow the excellence of the first verse to overshadow the remaining verses.

There is much talk just now about country cottages. The good people of London are beginning to wonder whether it would not be worth while, after all, to sink their pride and invest their money in a country cottage. Some of them have taken the trouble to write to the papers about the matter, and the papers, always ready to anticipate the craze of to-morrow, have secured articles upon the subject from experts. These articles, admirable so far as they go, have dealt with the cost of a cottage, the situation, the drainage, the upkeep, the preservation during the winter months, and every other detail that comes within the honest, utilitarian ken of the writers. By none of these articles, however, will the Londoner be one whit nearer the attainment of his ideal. True, he may purchase or build his country cottage, he may decorate it without and within, he may invite his friends to look at it, he may even have it photographed. When it comes to living in the cottage, though, I fear very greatly that the majority of Londoners will discover, too late, that the feat is beyond them. For there is more meaning in that well-worn phrase, "love and a cottage," than the average Londoner would readily believe. Except Love build the cottage, the expert writeth but in vain.

The ardent motorist, I have discovered, is not always very happy in the choice of his literature, so that I may be excused for recommending him to read Mr. Rudyard Kipling's delightful tale called "Steam Tactics." The story is to be found in Mr. Kipling's recently published volume, "Traffics and Discoveries," and should bring joy to the heart of every motorist who has been fined for fast driving. Briefly, it tells how the author and three of his friends were held up by a country policeman on a charge of travelling at the rate of twenty-three and a-half miles an hour. The limit of their car—an old-fashioned affair—was twelve miles an hour, so that they were quite justified in treating the constable as they did. As luck would have it, the man was in plain clothes and had forgotten to bring his badge of authority with him. Feigning, therefore, to suspect him of blackmailing, they popped the fellow into the car and drove gaily along with him until Mr. Kipling met a friend driving one of the most powerful cars in the county. He explained the case to his friend, who gladly agreed—having been unjustly fined himself some three hundred times—to take the constable and his captors for a jolly spin. And the good car, to the horror of the policeman, answered gallantly to the call. "She whooped into veiled hollows of elm and Sussex oak; she devoured infinite perspectives of park palings; she surged through forgotten hamlets." Eventually—But you must read the story.

Somebody may have noticed, in last week's number of this shy journal, a reproduction of the poster of the first illustrated paper of China. We were bold enough to entitle the block, "A Compliment from the Far East," for the name of the first illustrated paper of China is the *Eastern Sketch*. Were we presumptuous? Well, we had our doubts at the time, but have been reassured since receiving the first two numbers of this elaborate adulation. The *Eastern Sketch*, to be sure, consists of no more than twelve pages, but those twelve pages are as light as possible, as bright as possible, and as topical as possible. For all our modesty, therefore, we cannot help being struck with the extraordinary resemblance between the *Eastern Sketch* and the *London Sketch*. As though to make the connection between the two journals still stronger, we find, in the second number of the *Eastern Sketch*, a striking cartoon of Mr. Melton Prior, the famous war-artist of the *Illustrated London News*. Now, the *Illustrated London News* is the mother of *The Sketch*, so that you can easily decide for yourselves the relationship existing between *The Sketch* and Mr. Melton Prior.

THE ANNUAL OYSTER FEAST AT COLCHESTER (Oct. 20).



THE GENTLEMAN WHO THINKS THAT
THE BEST THING ABOUT
OYSTERS IS THAT THEY
REQUIRE SO LITTLE
"MASTICATION"



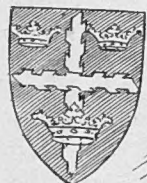
BEHIND THE SCENES
THE SLAUGHTER OF 8000 INNOCENTS



AFTER HIS FIFTH DOZEN—
"STRANGE, BUT I DON'T THINK
I'M SO FOND OF THEM
AS I WAS"



JUDGE TINDAL ATKINSON
PROPOSING THE IMPERIAL FORCES



THE MAYOR—
(COUNCILLOR E.H. BARRETT)
READS LETTERS
OF APOLOGY
AND
REGRET



MAJOR-GENERAL
A.S. WYNNE C.O.
REPLYING
FOR
THE
ARMY



CAPT.
R.D. FARQUHAR
R.N.
REPLIES FOR
THE NAVY



THE PRINCIPAL GUEST
THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY
CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN



ALDERMAN
A. JOHNSTON J.P.
PROPOSES
THE HOUSES
OF
PARLIAMENT

— PROGRAMME OF MUSIC —
"KILLARNEY ISN'T IT?"
"YES. SCOTCH AIR. I BELIEVE"



THE
TOAST
MASTER



BY JOVE. THAT LAST ONE
WAS SO FRESH. HE BIT
MY LIP

Ralph Cleaver

THE CLUBMAN.

The Coming of Peace—The Question of "Tips."

FROM two important quarters come rumours of an essay to reconcile the two great opponents in the East. The President of the United States is willing to move in the matter so soon as he is assured that his overtures will be well received by both nations, and France also is sure, during the coming Session of her Parliament, to show how glad she would be if her "Grand Ally," instead of squandering men, treasure, and strength in the East, would resume her proper position in Europe as the other handle of the nut-cracker in which Germany is held.

The change of tone which both Russia and France have manifested towards the Japanese in the past few weeks certainly tends towards peace. The Japanese are no longer "yellow monkeys"; they are the "untiring little bronze soldiers," and the generous, large-hearted Russians have been profoundly touched by the scrupulous care with which the trinkets and papers and money found by the Japanese on the dead Russians whom they bury are returned to Russia through the medium of the French Embassy. No doubt Port Arthur must fall and the Russians must be victorious in one pitched battle before both countries will welcome a peacemaker; but the time should not be very far distant when the whole world, appalled by the slaughter of tens of thousands of brave men, may be able to cry to the fighters, with a prospect of success, to hold their hands.

The Tibet expeditionary force has just escaped the very unpleasant experience of being cut off from India and being left snow-bound in the most inhospitable country in the world. The snow has come earlier than usual upon the passes, but the Mission received a warning, from the cover of white creeping down the summits, while it was still at Lassa that the winter would be an early one, and this must have made the game of "bluff" which was being played at the Tibetan capital a very anxious one for Colonel Young-husband. He dared not appear to be in a hurry, and had hired winter quarters for himself; but he knew that his escort had no clothing suitable for a hard winter, and that the period during which the passes would be open could be counted by days. The experience of half the escort caught on a pass in a storm of frozen snow was as dangerous a one as any that the boldest Alpine climbers can go through.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is going to send his eldest son into India to meet the Viceroy, and, no doubt, the opportunity will be taken to do honour to our fierce allies on the North-West. The late Ameer's great wish was that he should be allowed to communicate direct with his suzerain, the ruler of Great Britain, and this was the request that the Shahzada laid at the foot of the Throne when he came to London. That a "dog of a Persian" should have a privilege denied to him made the bluff old ruler angry, and it was difficult to explain to him why he should address all his requests to the Viceroy and not to the Empress or Emperor of India. The present Ameer understands his position more clearly,

and there are many honours and more substantial gifts which the Indian Government can offer him.

There is a proverb of the hill-men in which the Afghans are likened to a wolf suckled by the Indian cow, and arms and money to pay his reorganised troops are the gifts the Ameer requires most at the present moment.

The rise of the tipless restaurant has brought the whole question of tips once more to the fore. The abolition of tips is made difficult by the very people in whose interest it is instituted. The only real success in that direction has been the "no fees" improvement at some of our theatres. I think, however, that this reform was only possible where the attendants were really conscientious, and before now I have found that a pretty programme-seller's "No charge for programme, sir," conveyed very emphatically her willingness to accept a shilling if offered.

Some of the Swiss hotels used to inform their patrons that the servants were paid a good wage, that service was charged in the bills, and a request was made that, as this was the case, no tips should be given. The servants, however, made it difficult to support the managements in their scheme of reform, for, without asking for tips, there was always that quite unnecessary shadowing of the departing voyager by all the servants which, unless he was a very strong-minded man, sent his hand, against his will and all his principles, into his pocket. So long as waiters and chambermaids have the power to add or detract from one's comfort, so long will man and woman be prepared to pay for their comfort and tips will exist.

The regulation of tips, not their abolition, is really what is wanted. I have known men staying in a big country-house to tip a number of servants who did not expect to be rewarded simply because they did not know what was the etiquette and did not wish to be considered mean. It is just the same at the expensive restaurants. The man who gives the waiters a generous but not excessive tip in proportion to the amount of the bill or the number of people dining is thanked just as heartily and is as well served in the future as the spendthrift who gives far more than the waiters ever hoped to receive.

The Blackheath Conservatoire of Music commenced its twenty-fourth season yesterday (Oct. 25). The second concert which is orchestral will be given on Jan. 24 of next year; for this Miss Marie Hall is engaged, and Mr. Alfred Burnett will conduct an orchestra of eighty performers, while Mrs. Henry J. Wood will sing. Later in the year Mr. Mark Hambourg, Miss Louise Dale, and others will be among the interpreters of the music submitted to the public; meanwhile, on Dec. 14 of the present year the "Dream of Gerontius" will be given.



[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS "FRANTIC THE FEARLESS" IN HIS NEW GLADIATORIAL SONG.

THE LEADING LADIES' CLUB OF THE WORLD.

In this age of comfort and luxury no Institution of modern introduction has rooted itself more firmly into our national life than The Ladies' Club.

To the gentlewoman leading an active life, equally to those seeking seclusion, with its freedom from minor cares and worries, it has become a necessity.

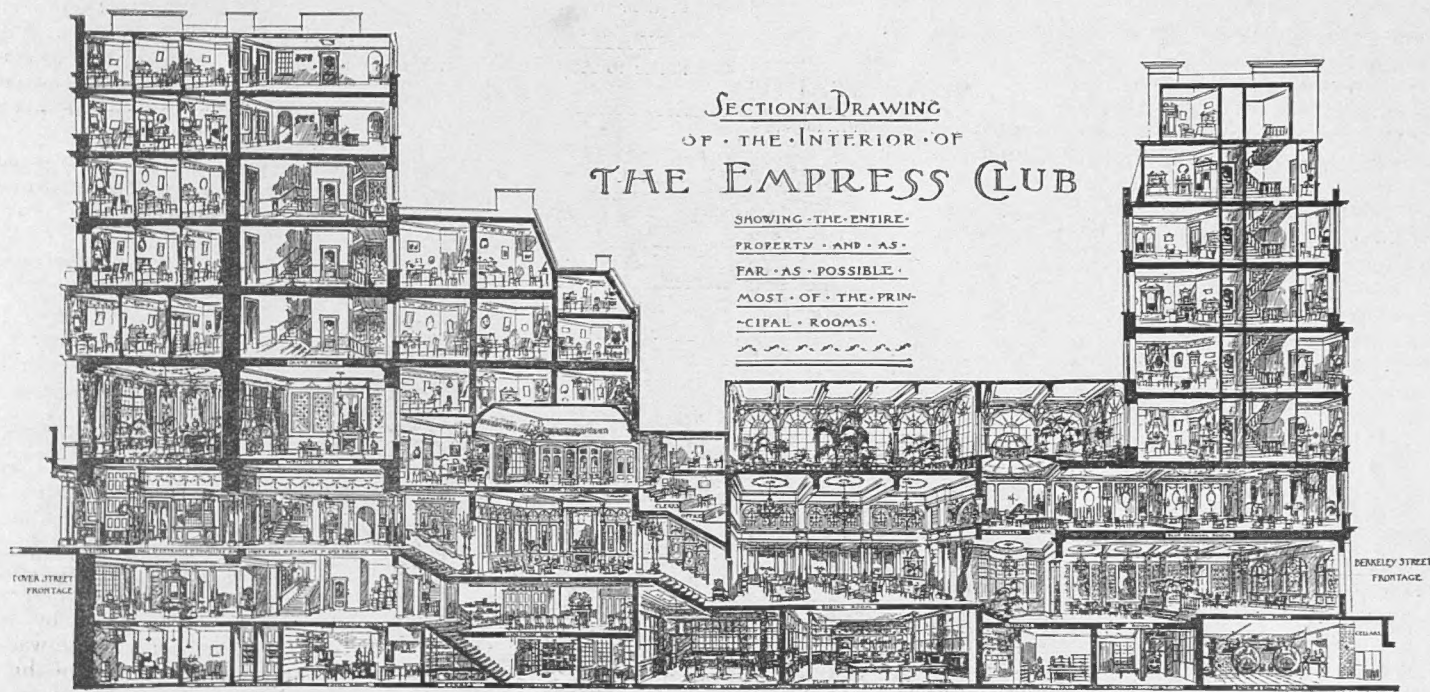
The secret of the success is not far to seek; it lies, without doubt, in its absolute usefulness. Take, for example, the premier Ladies' Club of the world, The Empress.

This Club was founded by the gentlewomen of England to immortalise the illustrious memory of the late Queen Victoria, and by its high principles, fearless independence, and splendid

To the reader unacquainted with club life the thought may occur: What does all this cost? And the answer is astonishing. By the great principle of co-operation, which is the foundation of Clubs of the standing of The Empress, the cost is reduced to a minimum; the charges are so moderate that the subscription, which is only Five Guineas, soon proves itself a great economy; and another point is, that it is against the rules to tip or fee a servant—this is one of the greatest comforts. To go fully into the advantages of membership would take too much space.

It is the town house of the country lady, where she may fly in every emergency.

There is the Library with a supply of the best and latest books,



management, has proved itself a worthy monument of that pure and high-minded Sovereign. The Building is palatial; the beauty of its architecture and the completeness of its arrangements have stirred the envy of some of the richest of the men's clubs, by none of which can it be surpassed, if even equalled.

Covering upwards of quarter of an acre, it contains rooms dedicated to almost every conceivable use and convenience. Under its hospitable roof the fortunate member can pass her entire day without the least fear of boredom, waited on hand and foot by a perfect army of well-trained servants.

Should she desire life and movement, both can be found in the exquisitely decorated Reception Rooms on the ground-floor, principally devoted to entertaining. Here she may invite her guests to afternoon tea, to a modest or elaborate luncheon, as her taste may be, or to dinner; and, no matter how dull the weather or the season, she will find the rooms thronged with women whose names are well known in the highest social and philanthropic circles, also distinguished public men, the latter enjoying the hospitality of their various hostesses, for men can only be admitted as guests. Anyone in town is sure to be at The Empress. The effect has been justly described as exhilarating—the very air seems to breathe distinction and refinement.

The Club possesses one of the best Orchestras in London, which performs during the afternoon and evening; and it would be difficult to find a more pleasant way of spending an hour or so, if alone, than in the company of a good novel in a luxurious easy-chair, with the soothing sounds of well-executed music.

Should a member wish for perfect rest, quiet, and seclusion, she has only to enter the lift, ascend to the first floor, and there find herself in an even more comfortable and luxurious suite of rooms, exclusively reserved for the use of members, where no guests are admitted, and where she can indulge in the luxury of doing nothing, as safe from intrusion as in the privacy of her own home.

There are one hundred bedrooms; these may be engaged by the night or up to any period not exceeding one month; their appointments are perfect and they are justly popular.

the Reading Room well stocked with papers, the telephone, the tape machine with the latest news, the room for interviewing servants, and above all, the Dressing and Retiring Rooms, fitted with every possible convenience, and entirely without charges of any description.

Another great feature is the suite of rooms in Berkeley Street with a separate entrance, which may be engaged for Private Receptions, Concerts, or At Homes, without any charge beyond the cost of the refreshments consumed.

All these tend to make life very easy and rob it of many annoyances; can it be wondered at, then, that the Gentlewomen of England have realised the vast and far-reaching usefulness of such an Institution and supported it until it has reached its present exalted and enviable position?

The election of Members is conducted by the Committee of Ladies, and such great care is exercised that Membership carries a social position difficult to deny; every County Family is represented, and no undesirable person, even as a visitor, has ever crossed the threshold.

Of course, there are many other Clubs for ladies, all fulfilling their various missions; but every lady naturally strives for The Empress, and it will be welcome intelligence to those who have thought of venturing upon Candidature that the Annual Elections are now taking place.

The next Reception held for the purpose of affording prospective members the opportunity of enjoying an afternoon visit to

the Club will be held on Friday, OCTOBER 28, and the last Reception on Friday, NOVEMBER 18, from 3 to 6. Those desiring to be present should lose no time in making application for an invitation card.

Letters should be addressed to the Secretary, The Empress Club, Dover Street, Piccadilly, who will supply information with regard to the subscription, and afford intending Candidates every assistance, so that the most diffident may apply without hesitation.

Those fortunate enough to be elected during October, November, and December are not called upon to pay their subscription again until January 1906.



THE DINING-ROOM AT THE EMPRESS CLUB.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.20 punctually. SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY,
THE TEMPEST.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

GARRICK. — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15 in THE CHEVALIER, by Henry Arthur Jones. At 8
"The Conversion of Nat Sturge." MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Mr. Frank Curzon, Lessee and
Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, SERGEANT BRUE (of the "C" Division),
a Musical Farce in Three Acts by Owen Hall. Music by Madame Liza Lehmann. Lyrics by
J. Hickory Wood. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the Romantic Play entitled
HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT.
MR. LEWIS WALLER, MR. H. V. ESMOND, MISS EVELYN MILLARD, &c.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

"HENGLE'S."—THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENT IN
THE WORLD. Unique. Over Two Hundred Acting and Performing Animals.
ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, ARGYLL STREET, W. Daily, 3 and 8. Admission 1s. to 5s.,
Children half-price.
HONoured BY ROYAL COMMAND TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

WEYMOUTH.—The Charming Dorsetshire Seaside Resort.
THE MUNICIPAL ORCHESTRA, ONE OF THE FINEST ON THE SOUTH
COAST, PERFORMS TWICE DAILY.
Send Six Penny Stamps to Town Clerk for Beautifully Illustrated Guide.

HOTEL DE LA TERRASSE ET RICHEMONT, CANNES, A.M.
First Class. Elevated Situation. Beautiful Park. Ten minutes' walk from Sea and Station.
Tram communication to all parts. Four large Public Rooms and Hall. Terms according to agree-
ment. Rooms from 3 fr. a day. Open from October to June. G. ECKHARDT, Proprietor.

The King (May 14, 1904): "Times and seasons must be noted by patrons of the Turf, and no time should be lost, for it is marvellous with what rapidity one great event follows on another and the summer slips away. If you want to know all about everything connected with racing matters for 1904, and fix up your engagements while there is yet time, you cannot do better than consult a little waistcoat-pocket found-at-once diary, bound in red leather and mounted with sterling silver, which will give you at a glance all you want to know. It is issued to his clients gratis upon written application by Mr. D. M. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, London. Mr. Gant is not here to-day and gone to-morrow, but for many years past he has been carrying on a steady business at the same address, charging no commission and fixing no limit. Some years ago we called the attention of our sporting readers to Mr. Gant's reliable methods."

**OPALS AT
STREETER'S,
BOND STREET.**

This is the Gem for
XMAS PRESENTS.
The idea of this Gem being unlucky
has gone to oblivion, and it is now
considered the luckiest of gifts.
To clear, 6s. IN THE £
IS OFFERED OFF
ALL THE JEWELLERY.

**GEM COLLECTORS'
CLEARANCE SALE
BOND STREET.**

May obtain a specimen of every known
Gem (rough and cut) from
STREETER'S
well-known collection (mentioned in his
standard Work on Precious Stones and Gems),
in a Case from £40.
STREETER'S, Ltd.,
18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

**HALL
MARKED
SOLID
SILVER.**

This superior stock of
SOLID SILVER ARTICLES
to be cleared before Xmas,
at a reduction of
3s. IN THE £
OFF MARKED PRICES,
at STREETER and CO., LTD.,
18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

STREETER'S STANDARD WORK ON PRECIOUS STONES
AND GEMS (ONLY A FEW COPIES REMAINING) 15s.

Fourteenth Edition. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Paper, 1s. Post Free from the Publishers.

FOODS FOR THE FAT.

(THE DIETETIC CURE OF CORPULENCY.)

By N. E. YORKE-DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys.Lond., &c.

Illustrates the dangers of Obesity, viz.: Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy, Congestive Diseases, &c., the Evils of Quackery, Purgatives, and Drugs, and that the Permanent Cure of Obesity is a matter of Diet alone.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE MORNING ADVERTISER says—"This little book should be carefully read, not only by those who are stout, but also by those in whom incipient corpulency has manifested itself."

LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.,
Or from any Bookseller.

BRIGHTON in 60 MINUTES.—"Pullman Limited" from
VICTORIA 11 a.m. SUNDAYS. Book in advance, as the number of seats cannot be
increased. Also First Class and Pullman 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Day Return Tickets,
Pullman, 12s.; First Class, 10s. Week-days, at 10.5 a.m., Pullman, 12s.

EASTBOURNE.—From Victoria, SUNDAYS, 9.25 a.m. First Class
10s., and 11.15 a.m., Pullman, 12s. Week-days, 9.50 a.m., First Class 10s., and Pullman 12s.

WEEK-END TICKETS to all South Coast Seaside places
(Hastings to Portsmouth and Isle of Wight inclusive) from London and Suburban Stations,
Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays.
Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C. Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

BASSANO, LIMITED,
ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS,
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE BASSANO STUDIOS have a World-wide Reputation for the Excellence
of their Work.

A COMPETENT STAFF OF ARTISTS can be despatched at a moment's
notice to Any Part of the Country for Indoor or Outdoor Photography.

MINIATURES ON IVORY AND PORTRAITS IN OIL AND PASTEL
A SPECIALITY.

Their Cosway, Romney, and Gainsborough Portraits are World-Famous.

PRICE LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

TELEPHONE: 1552 GERRARD.

Over 50,000 Copies of this Novel have been Sold in Germany, where
its Sale is now Prohibited.

LIFE IN A CRACK REGIMENT.

A Novel of German Military Manners and Morals.

6/- By BARON VON SCHLICHT. 6/-

T. FISHER UNWIN, Publisher, London.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OCTOBER 29.

THE KING'S VISIT TO HIS GUNNERS
AND SAPPERS.

THE BALTIC FLEET OUTRAGE.

ACTUALITIES OF BATTLE:
PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIAO-YANG.

THE BECK INQUIRY.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIENDLY CRITIC: THE
REV. R. J. CAMPBELL IN HIS PULPIT.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OCTOBER 29.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE QUEEN received a very warm welcome home, and it is to be hoped that she has enjoyed her sojourn in Denmark, for November is likely to prove a very busy month for our Royal Family. The King's birthday will probably be spent, as it has been in past years, at Sandringham, which remains their Majesties' favourite home and which is endeared to them by so many associations. Immediately following the Sovereign's birthday, the

Court will move to Windsor, where already preparations are being made for the entertainment of the King and Queen of Portugal. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be at Frogmore, and several shooting-parties will be organised in honour of the Portuguese Sovereign, who is one of the best shots in Europe.

Our Soldier Prince. The Duke of Connaught's remarkable escape from death and his subsequent recovery from the injuries received by him have given great satisfaction to the general public and to the Army. The Sovereign's only surviving brother is justly popular with all classes; he is a keen soldier and a good citizen, and it is an open secret that he takes a really practical interest in greatly needed Army reforms. Much sympathy was also felt with his kindly Duchess, who since her marriage to our soldier Prince has closely identified herself both with her new country and with her husband's profession.

Princess Charles of Denmark. A very large circle will be interested to learn of the return of Princess Charles of Denmark to her native land. Her Royal Highness is to spend the next four months in her Norfolk home, while her husband will be engaged in his naval duties. The Princess's little son is thought by many who have had the pleasure of seeing him to be the best-looking of their Majesties' grandchildren. He is a singularly lovely child, brilliantly fair, and with the Queen's beautiful deep-blue eyes. Princess Charles, like her eldest sister, the Duchess of Fife, likes to lead a very retired and happy home-life. Appleton House, the Prince and Princess's English home, is within a pleasant walk of Sandringham, and many improvements have recently been carried out there by order of the King, who is devoted to his youngest daughter and to her fine little boy. When staying in Denmark, Prince and Princess Charles inhabit a charming flat in the palace of the King of Greece.

Napoleon and Savoy. Surprise has been expressed in some quarters that Prince Victor Napoleon should have been invited to the baptism of the Prince of Piedmont; but it is only natural that he should go, as his mother was the Princess Marie Clothilde of Savoy, sister of King Humbert, who married Prince Napoleon on Jan. 30, 1859. Prince Victor is therefore first-cousin to King Victor Emmanuel, and he is doubly connected with the Italian Royal Family, since his sister, the Princess Maria Letitia, married, in 1888, Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, and brother of King Humbert.

The Crimean Jubilee of Florence Nightingale. It is exactly fifty years since Miss Nightingale arrived at the Crimea and started the great work which not only transformed the conditions then existent in the British field-hospitals, but which also ultimately created the present admirable nursing system that now exists

in this country. Miss Florence Nightingale still lives among us; her dwelling is situated in one of the quiet streets off Park Lane. After the two awful years spent near the seat of war, she had a breakdown from which her health never really recovered, and which necessitated her leading ever since—that is, for forty-eight years—the life of a recluse and invalid. It is well to recall the fact that, thanks to her extraordinary public spirit and generous abnegation, the fifty thousand pounds which was subscribed after the Crimean War as a small token of the nation's gratitude was entirely devoted by her to starting the Nightingale School and Training Home for Nurses, which, opened in 1860, may be said to be the parent house of the many training homes for nurses which are now to be found all over the English-speaking world.

Lord Justice-Clerk. Lord Justice-Clerk, who has been making the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of the "Wee Frees" and the "Free Kirks" operative in Scotland, is a many-sided man. Quite apart from his brilliant career at the Scottish Bar, ending in his being raised to the Bench fifteen years ago, he is a keen Volunteer who has written a good deal about tactics and infantry training. Moreover, he has achieved great success as an inventor, and has been decorated by the King of the Belgians and the United States Government for various life-saving and electrical apparatus. It was due to his exertions that post-cards were adopted by the British Post Office. He is a sportsman through and through; an ardent golfer, cricketer, and curler; nor does he even disdain lawn-tennis, while he is the arbiter in disputes in international football-matches.



PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK, THE KING'S THIRD DAUGHTER.

From the Painting by Edward Hughes.

A Royal South African Group.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her eldest daughter, Princess Victoria, are now on their way home from what has been one of the most moving expeditions ever undertaken by Royal personages. Their Royal Highnesses visited South-Africa in order to see the grave of the Princess's beloved elder son, the gallant and lamented Prince Christian Victor, and the group which we publish was taken at Pretoria, where the Royal travellers and pilgrims were entertained by General Hildyard, and where our Sovereign's sister, with her usual kindness, took part in several semi-public functions, in spite of the fact that Pretoria must have been to her a place of sad memories and associations. Princess Christian will probably be seen a good deal in London Society this winter, for Her Royal Highness has now a charming habitat within a stone's-throw of Marlborough House, and the Princess, as well as her two daughters and Prince Christian, takes a keen interest in all that is going on in the great world.

A Noble Duke.

The Duke of Devonshire is a nobleman of the grand old school, and this country may well be proud of him, for, while Radical in politics and zealous in promoting the public good, he is yet enthusiastically Conservative in the best sense of the word. The Duke is the fortunate owner of more lordly

birth and early associations. Since her second marriage, the present mistress of Chatsworth and of Devonshire House has become even greater as a hostess than she was before.

Big Political Guns.

Several of the leading political guns are firing this week. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who does not make any engagements for the recess, breaks silence at Norwich to-day (26th); the Prime Minister, whose Edinburgh utterance is still the subject of conflicting interpretations, addresses the great Conservative organisation on the 28th; and on the following day Wiltshire Liberals are to have an oration from Lord Rosebery. The campaign of the recess will thus begin in earnest, and, with the prospect of a General Election next year, the combatants are likely to hit out with great vigour. Unfortunately, that champion fighter, Mr. Chamberlain, is to be out of the country for several weeks and will not hear the thunder of the Liberal guns.

New Comrades.

Mr. Winston Churchill has been visiting North Wales under the auspices of Mr. Lloyd-George. A year ago, the former had Lord Hugh Cecil for a political comrade, but Lord Hugh continues to put trust in Mr. Balfour (although not in Mr. Chamberlain), whereas Mr. Winston Churchill has gone over to

General Sir W. Taylor. General Hildyard.

Princess Christian.

Colonel Brown, Military Secretary.



Lady Hildyard.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

Captain Hildyard.

THE VISIT OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN TO SOUTH AFRICA: GROUP TAKEN AT THE PRETORIA RESIDENCE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HENRY J. T. HILDYARD, K.C.B.

From a Copyright Photograph by R. C. E. Nissen, Pretoria.

dwelling-houses than fall to the lot of any other present Peer, but, unlike many wealthy men, he shares the goods with which Providence has blessed him with all those who care to avail themselves of his generosity. Even when entertaining a great working-party he allows Chatsworth to be visited by the humblest of working-men tourists, while his art-treasures are ever at the disposal of the nation. It is, perhaps, in Ireland, where the latest portrait of the Duke was recently taken, that his Grace is seen at greatest advantage. With a very rare greatness of heart, the Duke did not allow the tragic fate which befell his brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish, to interfere with his duties as an Irish landlord, and each year he and the Duchess make long sojourns at Lismore Castle.

The Duchess of Devonshire.

It may be doubted if any latter-day Peeress has exercised so great an influence on contemporary politics and society as the remarkable woman who, now Duchess of Devonshire, began life as the daughter of a Hanoverian noble, and who has twice worn and graced the great position of a British Duchess. It is said that her Grace, as Lady Mandeville, was the loveliest woman at the Victorian Court, and her beauty was world-famous in the days when, as Duchess of Manchester, she first laid the foundations of her great political prestige. Doubtless the Duchess's foreign birth was of service to her, for, though speaking English perfectly, she never forgets her German

the Liberals. If any of his new friends regard him with jealousy, Mr. Lloyd-George is not among the number. On the contrary, the Radical leader makes much of him. They are both clever Parliamentarians and effective platform-speakers, and no doubt they will be associated together a great deal in the future. Some day they may sit shoulder to shoulder on one Front Bench while Lord Hugh Cecil faces them from the other. Debate in such circumstances as these would not be dull.

Lord Milner and India.

The persistent but officially denied rumour that Lord Milner is desirous of resigning his position in South Africa has again given rise to the statement that he is destined to be Viceroy of India. It is thought that the grave illness of Lady Curzon will end in Lord Curzon asking to be relieved of his office, more especially as he has completed his full term, and continued in power only to convenience the Government. Lord Milner's name was before the Cabinet when the question of a change in India arose early in the year, but it was then deemed better that he should remain, at all events, a little longer in South Africa. The aspect of affairs has now altered, however; his Lordship is believed to be willing to undertake the government of our greatest dependency, and, although the state of things has not yet been discussed officially, it would surprise few to see him gazetted Lord Curzon's successor.

The Official Picture of the Coronation.

It is matter for congratulation, but hardly for surprise, that the official picture of the Coronation ceremony of the King and Queen, painted by Mr. Abbey, is said to be one of the finest works produced in modern times, "a gorgeous canvas." The artist, accustomed to deal with large surfaces, found nothing to embarrass him in the thought of a twenty-foot painting, and he has been granted every assistance. The King himself has given six or eight sittings, and the hundred or so other dignitaries figuring in it have also posed specially; the result is stated to be "full of colour and life," and to embody the best portrait of His Majesty in existence, to say nothing of admirable likenesses of those surrounding him. The moment chosen is the act of crowning. After exhibition in the Hanover Gallery, the work is to find wall-space either in Windsor Castle or in Buckingham Palace.

The Princess of Asturias.

The young Princess of Asturias, whose death under such pathetic circumstances has thrown Spain into mourning, was the eldest sister of Alfonso XIII., and heiress-presumptive to the throne which, between the death of her father and the birth of her brother, she occupied for a few months. Her betrothal and marriage to Charles, Prince of Bourbon-Sicily, second son of the Count of Caserta, were not popular, for, in spite of the fact that before the wedding the bridegroom was naturalised a Spaniard with the title "Infant of Spain," he was suspected of being in sympathy with the Carlists, and nothing but the fact that a man of strong measures in the person of General Weyler was placed in charge of the capital prevented unseemly disturbances. The Royal pair had three children, the Infante Alfonso, the Infante Fernando, and the Princess whose premature birth resulted in her mother's death.

Mrs. Beamish.

Mrs. Beamish, of Ashbourne, Glounthaune, County Cork, takes rank now as an Irish beauty, though she is Scotch by birth, for she is the daughter of Colonel Pitcairn Campbell. She was before her marriage, which took place last year, well known in the smart military world as an admirable amateur actress, and she often appeared at fashionable charitable theatricals. The Beamish family have a traditional connection with the Continent, and both the sons and daughters of this famous Irish house have married into the Swedish and into the Prussian nobility.

The Italian Royal Christening.

The date at present fixed for the baptism of the little Prince of Italy is Nov. 11, and preparations are now being made in the room in the Quirinal in which the ceremony will take place. The salon has been cleared of furniture, and an altar has been placed at one end of the room, with a sacred picture above it, and the baptismal fonts close by. The Prince will be baptised by Monsignor Beccaria, the Grand Chaplain of the Court, and the Pope will send his Pontifical benediction. In return for this concession, the Italian Government has promised to do all in its power to facilitate the removal of the body of Leo XIII. from the basilica of St. Peter to that of St. John Lateran.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

Lord Balfour, who is mentioned as a possible successor to Lord Milner in South Africa, is a hard-headed, shrewd, useful sort of man. The late Lord Salisbury had a high opinion of him, and gave him various minor posts, leading ultimately to that of Secretary for

Scotland with a seat in the Cabinet. This he resigned last year because he did not like Mr. Balfour's fiscal policy. It seems to be thought that if the Liberals came in and found Lord Balfour established in Johannesburg they would not disturb him, the more so as Lady Balfour is a sister of that faithful Liberal, Lord Aberdeen. Lord

Balfour's name is neither Balfour nor Burleigh, but Bruce, and he descends from the first Baron on the distaff side. The fifth Baron, who was condemned to death for murder, escaped from prison by exchanging clothes with his sister, but, as he was out in the '15, he was attainted, and the attainder was only reversed by Act of Parliament in 1869, when Mr. Alexander Hugh Bruce, who was then an undergraduate at Oriel, became sixth Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

The French Chamber.

At each new Session of the Chambre des Députés, the differences between the Palais-Bourbon and Westminster impress one more vividly (writes our Paris Correspondent). There is a holy calm, an absence of all bustle, a legislative dignity about everything and everybody connected with the House of Commons, from the big policeman in the yard to the mere "M.P.'s" themselves, which contrasts fearfully and wonderfully with the appearance of the French Chamber on its opening-day. To begin with, although nominally closed to the public, the French Chamber, or, at all events, its lobbies, are practically accessible to anybody. I do not mean to say that a dozen tourists could walk in, but any man with a big black portfolio and a worried look can easily pass the attendants. In the flag-paved Salle des Pas Perdus the hubbub before and during the intervals of Session is terrific. Everybody smokes, everybody talks at the top of his voice, and the impression conveyed is that of an entr'acte at a theatre, except that at the theatre the people are quieter, don't talk so loudly, and are better-dressed.

Besides this, the tobacco-counter within the Chamber's precincts has the privilege of selling the cigars called "Députés" and "Sénateurs" respectively, which are cheaper and better (though they are anything but good) than those sold to the general public in the ordinary *bureaux de tabac*. Therefore, the crowd which gathered on the first day of the Session gathered not so much for the purpose of discussing and listening to discussion upon politics as to buy cheap cigars, and cheap cigars mean an accompanying drink in Paris, much as they do in London.

The Opposition.

The inner aspect of the House, as seen from the Press tribunes, has been described and re-described *ad nauseam*. It, too, is very different from Westminster, but in both places one thing is the same. Here in the Paris Chamber, as in Westminster, all the Opposition are quite certain that the Government must and will be forced to relinquish office very shortly, and have been so convinced for some considerable time past. And, as in Westminster likewise, the French Opposition would, for its country's good, be willing, did occasion offer, to take office, but it would be exceeding puzzled just what to do with office if it got it. Of course, my knowledge about Westminster in these days is gleaned from hearsay and from the newspapers merely, but possibly in this respect Westminster is not unlike the Palais-Bourbon.

Mlle. République-Française.

The Mayor of the Eighteenth Arrondissement—in other words, the Mayor of Montmartre—had a surprise last week. He had assumed his gold-fringed scarf of office, and was prepared to pronounce legal benediction



MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.,
WHOSE PICTURE OF THE CORONATION CEREMONY WILL BE
ON VIEW AT THE HANOVER GALLERY ON FRIDAY NEXT.
Photograph by E. Mills.



MRS. PATRICK BEAMISH, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL PITCAIRN
CAMPBELL.
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

upon the young couple before him. "Your names?" he asked. The bridegroom's name was Jean Louis Corrain, but Monsieur le Maire jumped at the, I must say, the Christian names of the fair bride, for she was called Mlle. République-Française Deluermoz. The young lady was born on Sept. 4, 1870, and it was, no doubt, the political excitement of the time which was responsible for her peculiar appellation. As a matter of fact, such names as those of Madame Corrain are by French law illegal, but once they have been duly registered they hold, though the Convention, when it established the peculiar names for all the months, issued in the month of Germinal of the year X. a list of names which might be given to French babies, and ten years afterwards a lady, Madame Minck, was legally prevented from afflicting her offspring with the names of Lucifer-Blanqui-Vercingetorix Minck.

Decline of Tea. Fashions are short-lived on and about the Boulevards, and, whereas last year tea and tea-parties were quite of the *dernier cri*, this year the little world that calls itself "Tout Paris" is quite abandoning them. The reason for this is, of course, the fact that tea cannot, with the best will in the world, be made sufficiently expensive for its votaries to remain in any way exclusive, and the tea-places have been overrun by the bourgeoisie. We have not yet reached the democratic threepence for our tea and bread-and-butter in the Ville Lumière, but prices do not prevent all the tea-places from being crowded; and Madame la Comtesse objects to crowds. The restaurants have now stepped in, and several of the best of them receive, if I may put it so, from four to six, in private rooms where Madame la Comtesse can give select tea-parties to her friends. But, while this is becoming fashionable, tea as a Paris beverage is losing hold. The Parisienne has always sipped a liqueur-glass of fine champagne after her cup of tea, but now she empties her liqueur-glass or her *verre de mère* as an accompaniment to four-o'clock sandwiches and *petits fours*.

Performing Dogs at the Alhambra. Herewith an interesting photograph of a new "turn" at the Alhambra. All the animals in the picture are dogs, the little creatures dressed as Mexican riders being, as a matter of fact, highly educated fox-terriers. The act is known as "Prelle's Dogs," and some remarkably amusing effects have been obtained by masking and dressing the dogs as human beings.

A Curious Collection. There is a gamekeeper at Winchester, U.S.A., who has a wonderful collection of cats' tails. He surrounds the coops in which he keeps his pheasants with a network of electric-wires, and when the cats come after his birds they are killed by the shock on touching the wires. In the morning the gamekeeper goes round and picks up the bodies of the marauders, and cuts off their tails, of which he has two hundred and fifty fine specimens. He is not popular with his neighbours, who suspect that they have contributed to his collection the tails of their favourite cats. But he considers himself a humanitarian, and claims for his battery of wires, which he invented himself, that it gives the robber cats an instantaneous and painless death.



PRELLE'S DOGS AT THE ALHAMBRA.
THE RIDERS ARE DOGS AS WELL AS THE STEEDS.

The new King of Saxony is not unknown in England, as he was here in the Jubilee Year, when quite a young man. The previous year he set out to visit the Courts of Europe. First of all he went to Vienna and Budapest, and then went on to Belgrade, where he was the guest of King Milan. Afterwards he visited England and Scotland, and all the chief ports of Northern Germany. Then, in 1889, he went to the Mediterranean, and visited Morocco, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, and Greece.

Miss Hilda Hammerton is no stranger to the applause of the public, but probably she was never more warmly congratulated than when she risked her life to save that of a little child. One afternoon last week Miss Hammerton was walking near Whitehall Gardens, when her attention was attracted by excited cries to the danger of a tiny girl who had strayed into the roadway and was in imminent danger of being knocked down by a fast-approaching hansom. Without a moment's hesitation, Miss Hammerton ran to the rescue and caught the child up in her arms — only just in



MISS HILDA HAMMERTON, THE HEROIC
"COSY CORNER" GIRL.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.

time, however, for as the cab swept past it narrowly missed striking them. The plucky "Cosy Corner" girl received quite an ovation from the passers-by who witnessed the incident.

Literary Forgeries. The old story of John Payne Collier's forgeries has been revived. Collier had much talent and erudition, but he was without any sense of literary morality. When sufficient evidence was lacking for his theories he had the amiable habit of forging it. In a Second Folio of Shakspeare, Collier took the pains to scribble all his pet readings in the guise of corrections actually made in the contemporary theatre by a critic who had had the privilege of seeing Shakspeare's own Company present his plays. A fierce controversy arose, mainly conducted in the *Athenæum*, which supported Collier at first. The evidence, however, against him was overwhelming. Also, when he was editing Philip Henslowe's Diary, a new edition of which has just been published by Mr. A. H. Bullen, Collier took occasion to forge a number of entries which lent authority to some of his pet theories. The editor of the new issue, Mr. Greg, sorrowfully says that no extenuating circumstances can be pleaded for Collier, but that his transgressions cannot affect the vast knowledge of which he stood possessed, nor the respect which that knowledge and his very real services to the study of English renders claim from us of right.

"Under the Chestnut Tree" The *Church Quarterly Review* has a slashing notice of Dean Pigou's *Reminiscences*, a book of which Canon Ainger said that it should have been entitled "Under the Chestnut Tree." The critic says: "Long paragraphs of insistence on the obvious, stale stories, many marred in the telling, all the trivialities and futilities of an everyday, commonplace life, well enough as they pass rapidly by, but beneath contempt when solemnly set down in print, infinitely small egoisms, mingled with peevish complaints over trifles affecting the appreciation of the writer's position as dean or missionary—these are ingredients which mix largely and jar incongruously with serious subjects that demand sacred and tender handling."

A King of Books. There is an American King of Books, Mr. James Carlton Young, of Minneapolis. He resolved many years ago to place under one roof in his own city all the best books of the living writers of every country in the world. Each volume was to be inscribed by the author in a characteristic manner. If the writer were a poet, it would be desirable to have a poem written on the fly-leaf; a novelist should write of the manner he conceived his plot or concerning principal characters of his romance; a historian something of the history he related, and so on. Mr. Young has written thousands of letters every year for the last fifteen years, and has reaped an enormous harvest of autographs and inscriptions. Less than twenty of the great writers of the world have refused to co-operate in his plan.



MISS MEDA HURST, THE "MAGIC KETTLE
GIRL" APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MY morning paper tells me that the City Fathers have decided to offer Dom Carlos a hearty greeting when he comes to London. He is to have an address of welcome, a gold box to put it in, and a breakfast worthy the Guildhall's reputation. This is as it should be: the Corporation is quite at its best when it is greeting distinguished visitors in the name of the City. The good feeling between Great Britain and Portugal has more than a passing significance. It is founded upon some pretty problems that must one day be solved in the Mediterranean, in Africa, and the Atlantic Ocean. Portugal is a small country, but she has considerable political interests and assets, and, while her position and the fine harbours of Lisbon and Oporto must make her the object of intelligent interest to students of naval matters, she has an army of near one hundred and fifty thousand men and a small fleet of effective modern cruisers. But for the friendly attitude of Great Britain, Portugal would run a very big risk of losing her independence, so the relations between the countries are mutually advantageous, and have improved immensely since our late Minister, Sir Hugh MacDonell, was sent to pour oil on troubled waters about twelve years ago.

A Strong Woman. By the side of Carlos I. the Queen of Portugal may sometimes be overlooked, but nobody who has noted the strong influence she wields would make that mistake. Queen Maria Amelia is a daughter of Philip, Duke of Orleans, Comte de Paris, and is a woman of very great resolution and force of character. She has been the mainstay of the Roman Catholic Party in Portugal, and has not withheld her support from the Clericals in times of great national excitement. To her influence may be traced the breakdown of the attempt to expel the religious houses from Portugal, a year or two ago, when a singularly daring act of aggression in Oporto had roused the people against the priests. Few globe-trotters realise that the greater part of Portugal is yet unknown to English-speaking people, and will be surprised to know that at Alcobaca, a few hours' journey from the capital, you can find Portuguese folk using stone and flint instruments that they have fashioned for themselves without the aid of machinery.

Hodge and his Cottage.

I am glad to see the progress of a movement that aims at providing decent cottages for the agricultural labourer. While people bewail the steady exodus from the country to the town, they are apt to ignore the reasons that underlie it. First among these is the failure of the country cottage. In many parts of the country, people live under conditions that recall the congested slum-quarters of a great city. The living-room is the kitchen; if there is a sitting-room, it is reserved for serious furniture covered with antimacassars, cheap oleographs or colour prints, and collections of waxen fruit or stuffed birds kept under glass cases. The housewife gives many of her precious hours to dusting this room, but, save when Christmas or a burial comes round, it is not used. The upper rooms of the cottage are often badly dilapidated, so the family crowds into the one that is least accessible to the keen shafts of the winter's wind. If water-tight cottages without sitting-rooms could be built at a moderate cost, Hodge would be content to pay a small rent and remain at home.

Diplomacy in Peking.

The *Times* Correspondent in Peking has managed once more to flutter the dovescotes of the Wilhelmstrasse, and his revelations concerning the underhanded diplomacy of the German Minister to China have awakened the usual amount of comment and denial. So far as one can see, British prestige appears to German diplomacy in the light of an Aunt Sally, at which it is permissible, and even proper, to throw things. My morning paper gives specific examples of Germany's hostile feeling from time to time, and the only attempts to deny the allegations appear to come from London journals owned by financiers of German extraction. There is no doubt that the policy of pin-pricks is beginning seriously to disturb British opinion, and, curiously enough, the United States are complaining bitterly against the ways of the wily Teuton. An observant friend, who has just returned from the United States, tells me that Germany is a most unpopular country there, and that she is credited with designs upon South America, a very rich preserve that Uncle Sam is reserving for his own future use. Of course, the true heinousness of poaching is best appreciated by the man who proposes to inherit the land that is subjected to trespass.



"THE MODERN MAN DOES NOT CARE FOR CLUB-LIFE."—THE SKETCH.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"FORGET ME NOT"—"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"—"THE MASTER OF KINGSGIFT"—"HIPPOLYTUS"—"THE DECREE NISI."

THE week has presented a curious collection of *premieres*—a melodrama in disguise, a melodrama without disguise, a romantic melodrama, a tragedy, and a comedieta. Standing out tremendously is the tragedy, "Hippolytus," but it happens to be an immortal masterpiece. Of "Forget Me Not," which once posed, even passed, as a comedy, little need be said, since the withdrawal is announced. The work has had its day, and a very successful day: it must have seen the footlights thousands of times since 1879, when Miss Geneviève Ward produced it at the Lyceum. The ending of its career is not very glorious. Messrs. Merivale and Grove wrote it for vigorous acting. There are no subtleties or undertones about it, but it is full of vigorous thrust and parry throughout, and frank, simple laughter in the lighter scenes. Miss Ward and Mr. W. H. Vernon played it with energy, skill, and intensity, and thrilled playgoers for years. I did not see Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the play. Afterwards, at the Avenue, Miss Janet Achurch, who should have been one of our most popular actresses, since she is one of the ablest, gave a complicated, strange performance, in which she seemed striving to force into the work new meanings, with the result that, despite her moments of brilliance, the parable of old bottles and new wine was fulfilled. Last of all, we see a "temperament" performance, an effort to give a modern society rendering, and the theatrical battles became untheatrical skirmishes, whilst the old violent *chiaroscuro* was replaced ineffectively by a monotonous grey. "Cavalleria Rusticana" suited Mrs. Brown-Potter and her Company better than the English piece. There were passages when her Santuzza was a pathetic, picturesque figure. The play, of course, can stand even if it does not demand more, and one recalls Duse and Calvé almost straining it by their fierce passion and power, and elevating to pitch of tragedy the sordid little story of peasant life the title of which seems irrelevant to the English version. The audience was quite enthusiastic and seemed to take great pleasure in the long passages of Mascagni's music, concerning which I am fortunate enough not to be bound to express an opinion.

"The Master of Kingsgift," in manner, seemed to belong to a rather more dignified kind of melodrama than that of its matter and subject. Therefore, Mrs. Tom Kelly, the authoress, may be said to show some promise. She must, however, be very barren in friends or deaf to advice, or she would hardly have spent her time on such a foolish subject. For the foundation is a will as absurd as any of the many ridiculous stage-wills that I can recollect. Fancy asking us to accept the proposition that the aristocratic owner of a great property left a testament by virtue of which his son, the successor to the property, was to forfeit it if his mother, the testator's widow, remarried. The legal aspect of this, or of the terms on which Kingsgift is supposed to be held, are unimportant, however quaintly interesting to a lawyer; but the incredibility of this attempted form of vicarious punishment does matter. One is almost inclined to think that when Rosamund, the beautiful widow, declines the hand of the man she loves, and abstains from telling him that she refused him in order to avoid injury to her son, her silence was rather due to a thought of the absurdity of the will than to the ridiculous feeling of delicacy put forward by the authoress. This point of delicacy is really annoying, since there is no valid reason for the widow's really cruel reticence to Lord de Bellingham. It is a pity that the lady dramatists—and some of the male, too—do not recognise the fact that, although plays do sometimes succeed despite flagrant defiance of common-sense, such a defiance is always dangerous and frequently fatal. Writers often seem to assume that romance necessarily involves silliness, and it must be admitted that many playgoers appear to accept the simply silly as the romantic. Why cannot

the playwrights leave Charles II. out of the question? Is destiny punishing that naughty monarch by dragging his ghost to see all the plays in which he figures more or less ineptly? If so, I think it may be said that he has been punished sufficiently, and we more than enough for our sins by being bored by him on the stage. There have been plenty of Pretenders in the history of Europe for the dramatists to drag in, to say nothing of the group of kingdoms of Ruritania, Novodnia, Corconia, &c., the monarchs of which have no title to complain of treatment as puppets.

Perhaps, and, indeed, it is probable, young dramatists are not in the wise habit of considering when they begin a play whether the ground and characters are stale. One may recommend to them a study of "A Dictionary of the Drama," by the late Davenport Adams, the first volume of which has appeared lately: in it they might find useful and sometimes deterrent information. Mrs. Kelly had no reason to complain of the performance of her play, even if no player was quite brilliant. Miss Lillah McCarthy was really admirable as the beautiful widow, and Miss Dora Barton played charmingly as the romantic ward who commonly figures in such works. Mr. Frank Cooper gave an excellent, sound performance as Lord de Bellingham, and Mr. Conway Tearle, though sometimes rather roughly vigorous, acted well as the young hero of the play. Mr. Edward O'Neill hardly seemed at his best in the part of the King.

The Court Theatre offers an admirable performance of a great tragedy brilliantly translated. Rarely at the theatre do we get such a thrill as from the "Hippolytus" of Euripides very skilfully rendered into English rhyming verse by Professor Murray. The work was given for a few performances in the spring; the revival at the Court with a cast almost identical only deepens the impression already caused. Perhaps the quality that seems most surprising is the skill in construction and the freshness. Nine-tenths of the new works of to-day appear to be born old, and here is a tragedy immortally young—younger, one may say, even than, Racine's famous version of the same story in which Bernhardt has so often thrilled us as Phèdre. There may be no Bernhardt at the Court, but the Phædra of Miss Edyth Olive is a piece of powerful, unartificial acting of which we may well be proud; whilst the performance of Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Brydone, Mr. G. Barker, and Miss Filippi and Miss Tita Brand is something to be grateful for.

"The Garden of Lies" seems more to the taste of the public than of the critics. On Tuesday the bill at the St. James's was strengthened by the addition of a new piece, called "The Decree Nisi," of which Mr. Joshua Bates is the author. There are rumours that suggest we should say authoress. I hope so, for the work makes some little amends for recent suffering. It is not of prodigious quality, and there is in it a needless pomp of language and a dangerous obscurity, which, however, fail to conceal the fact that the dramatist has something to say and gift for saying it—has even some degree of originality. The plot appears a little extravagant, and one is rather uncertain to the end, and even afterwards, why Lady Hudspeth takes so lightly the ugly decree nisi obtained against her. Even complete innocence does not prevent it from being a dreadful, ineradicable stain, for the fact that in the end her husband is glad to take her back and leave the decree still and always nisi will not prevent the world from talking, and not unreasonably. The part of her Ladyship is played admirably by Miss Madge McIntosh, a brilliant actress who never seems to get full recognition by the managers, though of late years she has given much of the best acting seen during them on our stage. Mr. Charles Fulton acted excellently in the part of her husband, and a capital performance was given by Mr. Leslie Faber, who represented the co-respondent.



MR. W. T. STEAD, THE LEAST EXPERIENCED PLAYGOER IN LONDON, WRITING A DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

A FAVOURITE OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.



MISS MADGE LESSING,

WHO HAS SCORED A DISTINCT SUCCESS IN "SERGEANT BRUE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: AN EFFECTIVE STUDY.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR AS LADY VIOLET ANSTRUTHER IN "THE ORCHID,"

AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, IV.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: SOME PRETTY POSES.



MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY, LEADING LADY IN "THE MASTER OF KINGSGIFT," AT THE AVENUE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS MAUDIE DARRELL AS DENISE IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE APOLLO.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS FLORENCE HILLDER, ON TOUR IN "THE GIRL FROM KAY'S."

Photograph by Mark E. Mitchell, Harrogate.

MY SUBURB.

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.



A CHALLENGE.

"Campbell? I'd like ter see 'im stand on that there brick, and tell me I ain't a honest, sober, 'ard-working man."

MY suburb is a brown and green relic of bygone grandeur, of the days when great City people built their big houses near to town and lived in solemn and heavy state—and real comfort thereto—just beyond the fringes of London. But since the noon of that day was high the tides of population and small trades have spread further, and we are hedged in by mean streets, grimy factories, and gas-works, a shrinking and dwindling oasis in a desert of intricate life.

But, by the blessing of long leases, we are not yet swamped by the lesser shopkeeper and the desirable villa. We have yet the true open-air in our midst, on a small common, around which the great houses of the lost years, half of them empty, preserve the aloofness of their state. Most of the rich families are gone, it is true, but there are still mansions of thirty rooms, bowered with ivy, in which the heads of City houses have their homes, loyal yet to the kindly neighbourhood they helped to make and have watched decline. I find a singular pathos in the misplaced splendour of these houses, doomed sooner or later to fall a prey to the flat-erecting energy of the speculative builder, or to make room for "rows" of uncommodious, narrow-fronted warrens. They stand for a solid and worthy element in London life which the flippancy of the newer day has overcome; for a stability and four-square firmness

which is but ill replaced by the competitive fever of modern existence.

In its halcyon day, the suburb combined a convinced Conservatism with the best Non-conformity. Of a Sunday morning, row upon row of carriages waited along the curb at the door of a Congregational Church, where a preacher, since forgotten, achieved fame by discourses which displayed original thought in an equal degree with deep learning. Our carriage-folk were none of your upstarts, none of your old Osbornes, with a pride in the default of culture and education. Old Oxford days were grouse in the gun-room at their gatherings; and, if their adherence to Non-conformity was in some measure hereditary, they were none the less active in its business nor unselfishly loyal to its principles for that. They took their religion from their fathers, believed in it, guarded it, developed it like a talent held in trust, and passed it on to their sons the better for their stewardship.

We had our great men, too. Of course, we did not lack a local Peer—a somewhat tame and insignificant young man who was led at the chariot-wheels of a succession of City ladies. Then there was our statesman, who just failed to think Cobden's thought before him. He was a banker, a man to excite respect by his wealth and dignity in any community, and, therefore, the more aptly adapted to ours, where wealth and personal dignity were the common appurtenances of every decent man of standing. Indeed, if our carriage-folk had a fault—which is yet debatable—it was that they were too rich. Details of life lost their focus for them; circumstances were liable to a tinge of *couleur d'or*. Charity was too easy a thing; the power which money gives was too ready to hand. One reflects with shudders what would have been the effect on our suburb of a fiscal insurrection like the present.

Well, in the end, they went away. Sons succeeded to rich fathers, and were no longer content with the open-air of the common and the big, creeper-festooned houses which the

railway could not bring nearer than half-an-hour from town. They sought more convenient neighbourhoods, and with their passage departed the barriers which held the poor aloof—the poor and those that cater for them. Shops came, trams came, small houses came; then a big estate was broken up, and "terraces" and "crescents" grew on the very fringe of our preserve. At this day, on the northern road, five splendid houses of the dead type overlook across the tram-lines the raw meat on a little butcher's slab, a blatant public-house, and all manner of huckster concerns. Four of these houses are empty. In the fifth, one may stand in a pillared and tiled hallway and watch the coppers counted down on the butcher's counter. The butler shuts his eyes as he opens to you: he knew it when the eye rested on nothing but green.

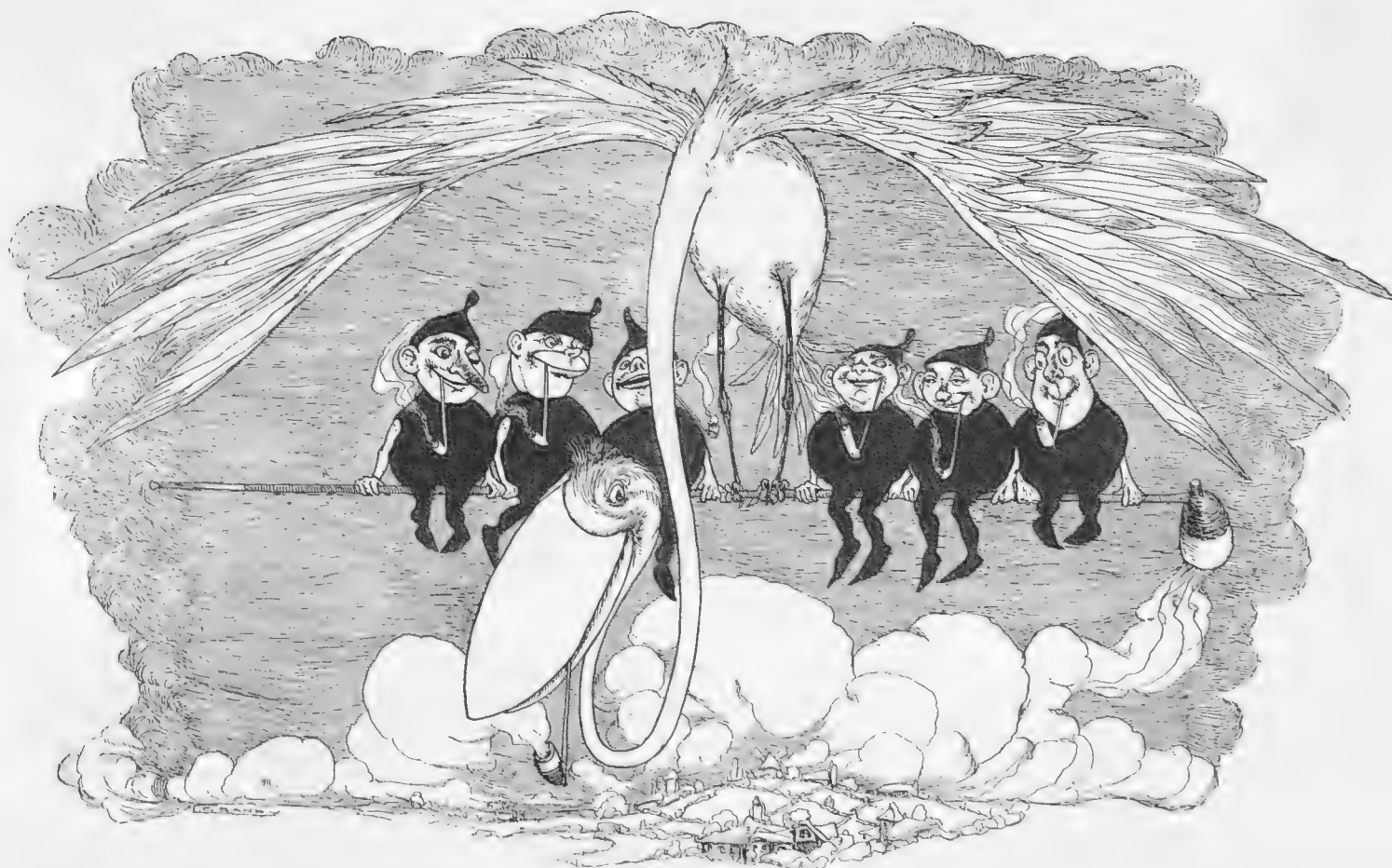
One regrets, of course, vainly, and without regard to new needs and altered cases. There is no reason, no argument, in one's impatience for the changed conditions of the suburb. One's sorrow is as irrational, as irreligious, as the grief of a newly bereaved widow. But one's regrets, at any rate, are testimonials to the fitness and excellence of what has passed away, the sole type of conservatism that has succeeded in escaping blatancy on the one hand and moral and mental death on the other.

The Fantastic Side of Things.

Pictured by H. C. Sandy.



"JACK'S COME HOME TO-DAY."



"THE CLOUD-MAKERS."

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT LISMORE CASTLE.

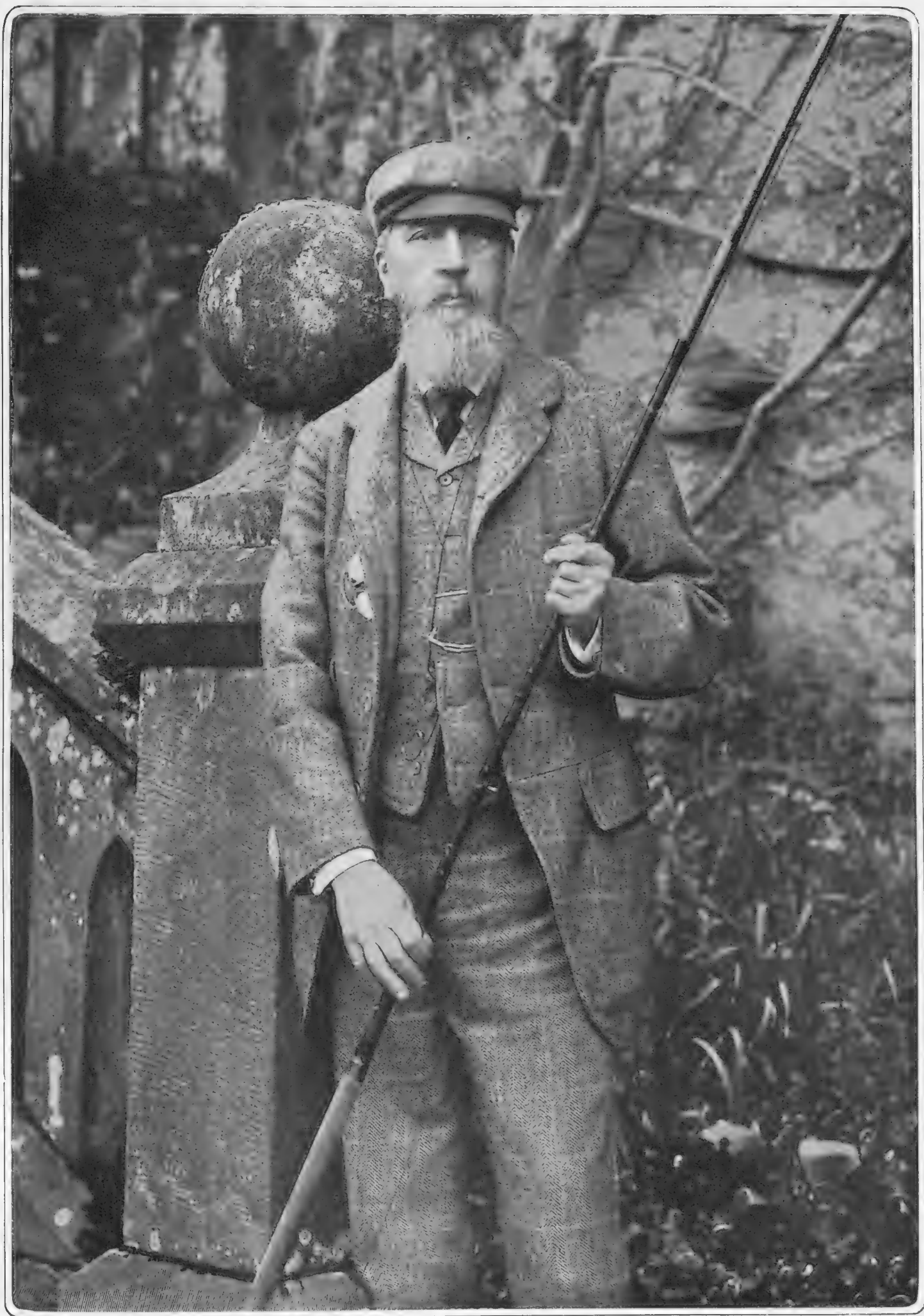


THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

(SEE PAGE 44.)

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT LISMORE CASTLE.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

(SEE PAGE 44.)

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER have published the first series of "Retrospects" by William Knight, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Among the subjects are many of the most prominent figures in literary and public life, including Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Gladstone. Dr. Knight from the beginning has loved the society of the wise, and his Recollections contain some things that are interesting. His propensity for book-making is less in evidence than it usually is, but we ought not to have had many pages of this small volume occupied by an old lecture delivered by Dean Stanley. Dr. Knight makes hardly any attempt at estimating his subjects, but he has a few letters as well as some fragments of talk. He begins with Carlyle, and tells us that on one occasion a visitor had been praising Newman's "Apologia" for its acumen, its subtlety, and remorseless logic. "Kingsley," said Carlyle, "had the best of the argument." It may be doubted whether Carlyle had read either. Dr. Maclagan, who attended Carlyle as physician during his last years, wrote to Dr. Knight: "My personal experience of Carlyle was this. He was the most courteous man I ever met. Never once did that old man fail to rise up to receive me, nor allow me to leave his room without walking to the door with me, while he had strength to do so. After death, all the ruggedness and the wrinkles disappeared from his face. But for the beard, it was like that of a woman, so delicate and beautifully moulded it was."

There is a pretty picture, not by Dr. Knight, but by Mrs. Fischer, of Lady Tennyson as she was shortly after her marriage: "We would find Mrs. Tennyson alone in the large drawing-room—always writing—arrayed in a dress of soft grey merino trimmed with velvet or fur, and with a long train, a piece of rich old lace, worn instead of a cap, drooping over her hair behind and coming to a point in front. She was extremely kind in lending us books; among these I particularly remember Fichte's Philosophical works, which she admired greatly. Her manner was always most gracious and dignified—perhaps rather languid, but this arose chiefly from lack of vitality or physical strength." One of Browning's sayings is intensely characteristic. He once said to Dr. Knight "that all the unintelligibility of 'Sordello' was due to the printers. They would change his punctuation and not print his own commas, semicolons, dashes, and brackets."

There are some interesting notes on William Davies, a remarkable man in his way—a poet, a philosopher, and a friend. Davies was in the Rossetti circle in his youth, and edited, with a Memoir, the beautiful Letters of James Smetham. He had many vicissitudes in life, but managed to spend at least a few happy years in Rome, where, he says, "I was the centre of an intellectual circle of remarkable people of high intelligence and attainments." He had to leave Rome for Cheshire, and thought himself flung on a spiritual desert, being often heartily weary and tired of life. His last years were spent in the town of Chester, where he found one or two congenial associates, including Tom Hughes. Davies had sensible views on correspondence: "I notice, as a rule in life, that hot correspondence falls almost always away; but the occasional interchange of letters, which does not interfere with the business of life, is useful and good. I shall put no

definite time or conditions of hearing from you, neither must you claim the same from me, but I hope we shall hear from each other when occasion serves."

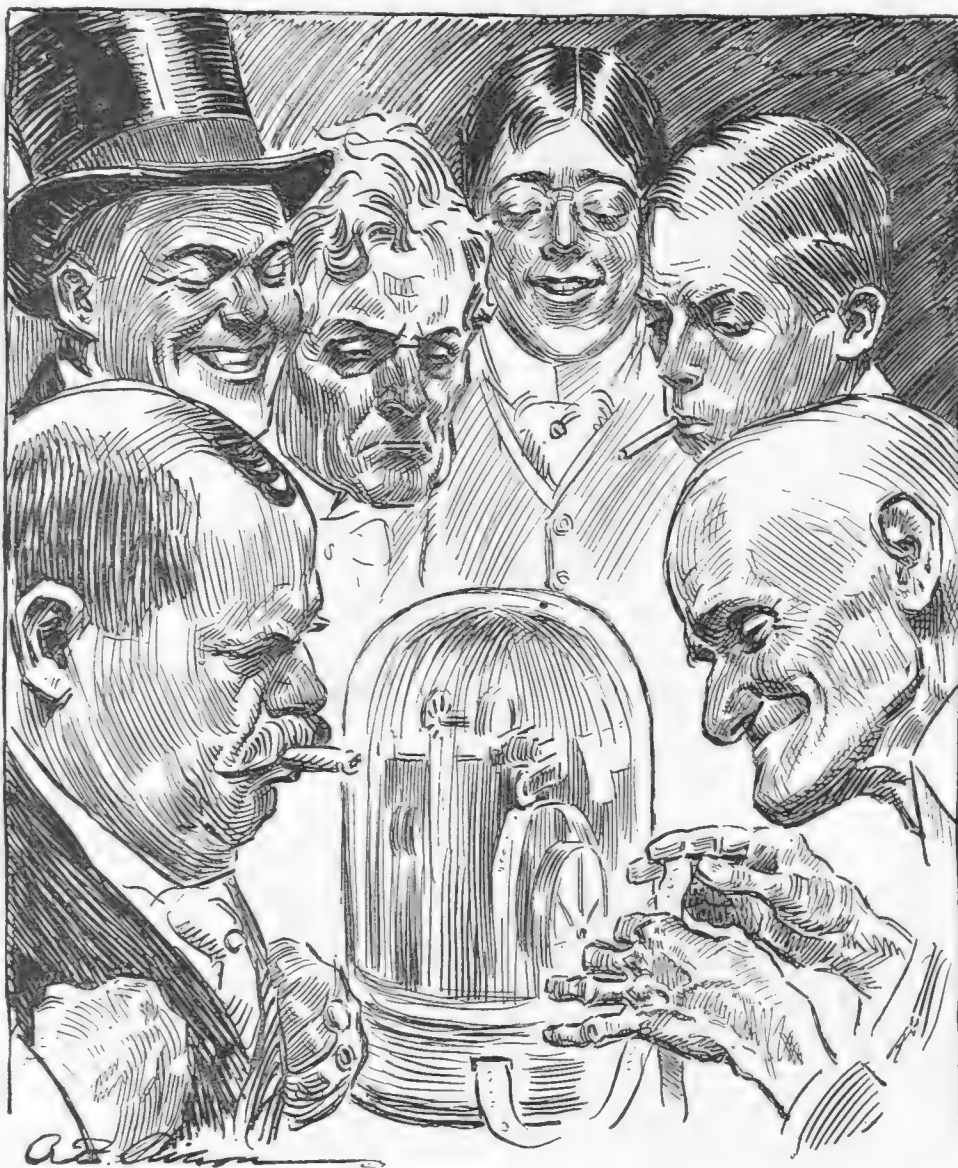
From Whitwell Elwin, sometime editor of the *Quarterly*, Dr. Knight received some letters about Coleridge. The significant marks of omission even more than what is printed show that the whole case against Coleridge's moral character has not been stated. Elwin says that "all the accounts he got of Coleridge from those who knew him before his final asylum with Gillman agreed in this—that he was destitute of self-control and that on the slightest incentive he gave himself up to self-indulgence." He speaks of Coleridge's "profligacies" and "criminal aberrations." Many painful stories of Coleridge were told Elwin by Wordsworth, but by the end Wordsworth had forgiven Coleridge, and spoke of him with profound admiration, respect, and integrity. Elwin also says: "I have a letter of Lockhart's giving a sketch of De Quincey's career, and from this it is evident that his habits for many years of his middle life must have compelled Wordsworth to drop him, as it did Lockhart himself, which sufficiently explains De Quincey's sourness."

There are some interesting literary verdicts in a recently published interview with Thomas Hardy. The only writer for whom Mr. Hardy expresses whole-hearted admiration is Ibsen. "Ibsen," he says, "was indeed a revelation, and what an immense loss the English stage has suffered through not giving him a fair chance." Tolstoy also was mentioned, and Mr. Hardy said that he was a curious mixture, giving us new ideas disguised in old forms of language. Mr. Hardy went on: "How Tennyson could write of life as he did I cannot imagine; Browning also was a mystery of contradictions. But I knew him personally, and I am quite sure he was quite genuine in all he wrote." o. o.

THE LATEST
"DANA GIBSON."

The parrot-cry that Charles Dana Gibson is becoming monotonous, occasionally heard

amongst the hypercritical, should be dissipated by the issue of the ninth volume of his collected drawings: never was he less monotonous, seldom has he been seen to better advantage. Even the famous Girl is less in evidence than usual, her parent doubtless deeming it wiser to let her have her full fling on the stage before again pressing her into service as a model, and she is supplanted by characters less idealistic, but infinitely more virile. Of these, many are men, men of all sorts and of all ages, "pug" and Bowery-boy, ardent lover and pompous business-man, gilded youth and worn worker, the genteel, the shabby genteel, and the shoddy genteel. And, to keep them company, women of the world of pleasure and of the people, piquant and purse-proud, sour and sweet. All are depicted unerringly. There is not one whose prototype one has not met in life, and, if it cannot be said that Mr. Gibson has the world at the point of his pencil, it can at least be urged that he has a goodly portion of it, and that he knows that portion thoroughly. Nothing could be better than his studies of the child-admirers of the successful fighting-man, of the proud merchants—Tagg and a humbler, of the envious wall-flowers, of the sunken-cheeked, wan toilers "Going to Work," to specify but few of his many admirable sketches of "Everyday People" (John Lane).



"SOME TICKER FACES": DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

Reproduced from "Everyday People," by courteous permission of Mr. John Lane.

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"THE ABBESS OF VLAYE."

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.
(Longmans. 6s.)

"It is for us to right them!" Henry retorted. And then to des Ageaux, but with less temper. "Now, sir, I lay my order on you! I give you six weeks to rid me of this man Vlaye. Fail, and I put in your place a man who will do it."—there is the motive of "The Abbess of Vlaye." "Then a thing happened."—there is the text. "A more picturesque or more gallant company, as they swept by threes and fours into sight between the two grey pillars and rode towards the house under sun and shade, or a band that moved with a lordlier air, it had been hard to find, even in those days of show and pageantry, when men wore their fortunes on their backs."—there is the spirit of many of the characters; those who are not picturesque are gallant, those who are not gallant are picturesque, certain of them are both. And as for things happening, none know better than Mr. Stanley Weyman how things should happen; his pages are as full of happenings as those happenings are natural and welcome. Given the spacious times of Henry IV. of France and Navarre, that fluctuating monarch, called "the Great," who found it easier to quell his conscience than the disturbances in his kingdom, the daring, ambitious des Ageaux, Lieutenant for the King in the country of Périgord, commissioned to rid his master of the upstart adventurer the Captain of Vlaye, who, having driven the peasants to revolt, sought to win favour by crushing them, the passionate Abbess of Vlaye, the gentle Bonne de Ville-neuve, the child Countess of Rochechouart, and a sufficiency of other characters, bestial and beautiful, humble and arrogant, strong and weak, Mr. Weyman has woven a romance of the truest type. Pure love and passionate, fair war and foul, all play their part; nothing is aggressive, nothing overdrawn; incident follows incident with startling rapidity, but never without cause. The whole is fascinating, masterly description wedded to powerful characterisation.

"WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND—"

By F. MARION CRAWFORD.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

The title of Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel prepares us for a story of the corruption of youth, and the author lets us have a picture of the sin in all its hideousness. In any other writer's hands the thing would have degenerated into sordid melodrama, but Mr. Crawford's delicacy and sincerity of touch lift the story into the realm of pure romance. There is always one sure reward from this author's works: they make us forget that we are persons with critical responsibilities. We believe in his creations while they are with us, and not infrequently for ever afterwards. Other novels from the same hand may possess this virtue in greater measure than the record of how young Marcello Consalvi's ruin and death were plotted by his step-father, a "smiling damned villain," if ever there was one. The Italian setting is what we expect in Mr. Crawford's novels, and this, of course, justifies much primitive passion that the fiction of a cooler race and country can hardly permit the writer to exercise his talent upon. The central figure of the book arrives unexpectedly and proves a creation of permanence. Regina, "Consalvi's Regina," the peasant girl who saved Marcello's life after the boy had been nearly murdered by his step-father, Corbario, is one of those delightfully impetuous beings that are the chief glory of fiction. Of course, although they loved too well, she and Marcello, the peasant girl and the Roman gentleman could never have been happy in wedlock, so we have to consent to her sacrificial removal to make room for Consalvi's true mate. But, after Regina, Aurora's splendours fade, and we care very little, once Regina is gone, what happens to the other two. That, perhaps, is the chief fault in a fascinating and often beautiful story. To the offender against little ones, Corbario, fit justice is meted out, but his part, considering the title of the story, seems to be somewhat lacking in subtlety.

"LOVE DECIDES."

By CHARLES GARVICE.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

Mr. Garvice is an Englishman whose stories are tremendously popular in America. We do not see why they should not be equally popular on this side. Plausible melodrama is Mr. Garvice's speciality, and it is really very good of its kind. In "Love Decides," the exquisitely beautiful Maida Carrington and the

Earl of Heroncourt, a Sir Galahad who has, nevertheless, been a devil of a fellow, are separated by a variety of exciting adventures, but it all comes right in the end. There are two attacks on "ranches" in Australia, with plenty of miscellaneous shooting and villainy, and people save other people's lives on the smallest provocation. Yet the mixture is plausible, for the character-drawing is much better than one generally finds in novels of this type. Mr. Garvice has by no means mastered the difficulties of the English language—thus, a man is said to be "disclaiming about politics," where "declaiming" is evidently meant—and he is not always able to avoid bathos, such as "Her head sank on his shoulder, and her lips formed a kiss against the insentient cloth, while his kisses fell on her face"; but he amply atones for such blemishes by his power of expressing simple human feeling. Moreover, the story goes with a most exhilarating swing and vigour, and the whole atmosphere of it is essentially clean and healthy.

"KATE OF KATE HALL."

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT
FOWLER AND ALFRED
LAWRENCE FELKIN.
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

In theory, a husband and wife should collaborate most excellently together in the writing of novels,

but, so far, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle seem to be the exception that proves the rule. "Kate of Kate Hall" is lacking in many of the qualities that made the earlier novels of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler original and charming, while it yet lacks the distinction of the curious book, "My Heart and Lute," published some years ago by Mr. Alfred Lawrence Felkin. The two writers—who, by the way, dedicate the first of their joint works "Each to each"—have taken as their motto a line from "The Taming of the Shrew." "Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate," strikes the key-note, but it must be admitted

that Lady Katherine Clare recalls but very faintly Petruccio's splendid mistress. There is a great deal—in fact, too much—of the clever, flippant, unreal conversation to which the author of "The Double Thread" and "The Farringdons" has accustomed her readers, and the book is lacking in the careful characterisation which distinguished Mrs. Felkin's first and certainly best story, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." By far the most real character in "Kate of Kate Hall" is Sapphira Lestrangle, the heroine's morbid, unhappy cousin, whose sharp, bitter sayings give a little salt to this otherwise over-sweet and luscious study of high life, for the writers have elected to place their characters in "the very highest circles," although the Earl and Countess, who are the parents of "Kate of Kate Hall," are as farcically unlike any ordinary members of the nobility as were Thackeray's King and Queen in that nursery classic, "The Rose and the Ring," unlike our present gracious Sovereign and his Consort.

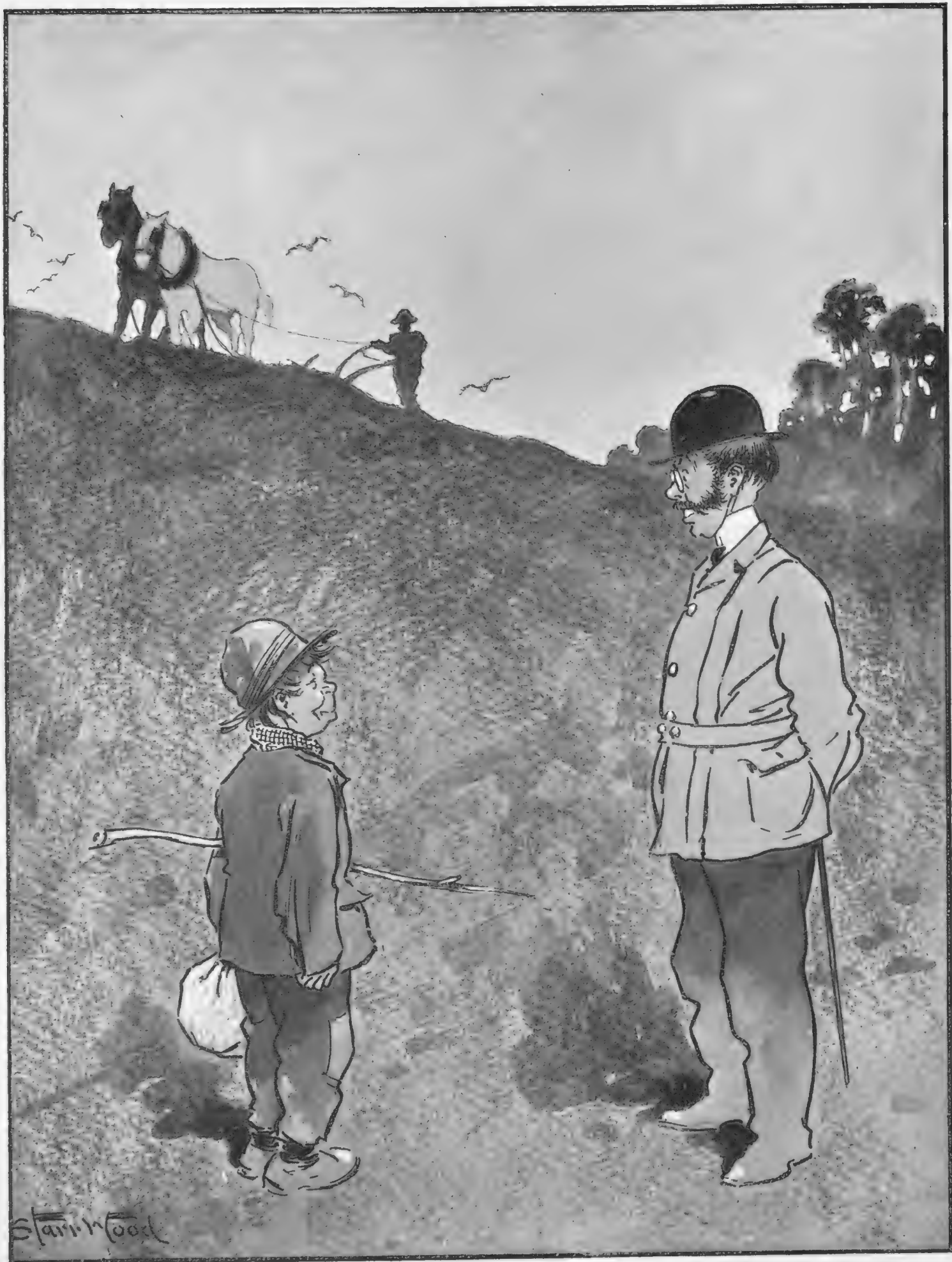
"THE SILENT WOMAN."

By "RITA."
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

In a prefatory note "Rita" explains that this story was written for a large newspaper syndicate, who, however, objected to it as being "over the heads" of their public. They evidently expected some of those pictures of the terrible "goings-on" in "smart society" with which "Rita" has thrilled countless thousands of little shop-girls. Instead, they got an ordinary, good story, with not a single title in it save only a knighted Magistrate. It is a tale of a young American who comes into the wild moorland district of Derbyshire to claim land which had belonged to his grandmother. Rufus Myrthe is a splendid fellow, and "Rita" draws him with such skill as to make his universally compelling charm seem perfectly natural to the reader. His protecting care of Molly, the lovely but uneducated peasant girl whom he finds at a lonely inn, is described with real feeling, although, doubtless much to the annoyance of the syndicate above-mentioned, she is not rewarded by his hand. Myrthe is suddenly plunged into terrible mysteries—a web of crime spun by a villainous doctor who keeps a sort of hydropathic establishment. He saves the doctor's wife, who is being slowly murdered, and is himself falsely accused of murdering the doctor, but Molly's efforts establish his innocence. There is a fearsome dwarf, of superhuman strength, who dwells in a disused coal-mine, and there is a perfectly delightful old lady, Miss Lavinia Moneyash. Altogether, a very readable story.



MISS CONSTANCE SMEDLEY,
WHO HAS JUST PUBLISHED A NEW ROMANCE, ENTITLED
"HEART-O'-GOLD."
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

The Humourist in the Country.

VISITOR: Have you lived all your life here, my little man?
LITTLE MAN: Noa, not yet.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Artists' Sitters. By Dudley Hardy.



A FALSE ALARM IN A PROVINCIAL MUSIC-HALL.



"FIRE!"

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

THE WORLD AGAINST
CHAFFIT.

By HERBERT A. MORRAH.



"I don't care a hang for the world's opinion!" Chaffit said.

Everybody yawned. Even Clantworthy, the politest man that ever lived, looked at Chaffit with tired eyes. And yet, in a sense, Chaffit's face was a welcome sight at the Club. He had been absent for five years, and you could see at a glance that he had lived a lot in the time.

Chaffit himself was quite unconscious of the fact that the occupants of the red-leather chairs round the fire were bordering on a state of collapse. So he talked away steadily.

"My job," he continued—it was always "my" with Chaffit—"might be called about the toughest in the Service. Fellows at home haven't a notion of what we go through. We are always hard at work when they are sound asleep—lazy beggars! Of course, I'm speaking of the East generally, and of ordinary times. And I hope I'm not bragging. But there are occasions! My little affairs occurred about once a week. Though it's nothing when you're used to it."

Clantworthy feebly remarked, "No, of course not. Quite so."

"Mind," said Chaffit, pointedly, "I did sometimes find facts too strong. Once particularly so; perhaps because there was a woman in it."

We began to listen at this point. We uncurled ourselves, so to speak. We looked far beyond Chaffit, as he lounged against the mantelpiece facing us four; and we seemed to see him, clad in white, spanking along the road from Sandar to Mandalay, whilst obsequious brown bodies grovelled in the dust before him.

"This becomes interesting," said several of us in a breath, and Chaffit resumed his story with fresh vigour.

"I was sent to a devil of a hole, some six days away from Sandar. You couldn't reach it easily; but I got through. There had been a little trouble about some accounts, and they looked to me to set it straight. The job was hard enough, but, as a matter of fact, mere child's-play to what came later. It was like this. My chief—"

"Didn't know you had a chief!" we all cried.

"Of course, he didn't count for much," Chaffit smiled. "Still, he was there—or rather, he wasn't. He turned tail. And left his wife behind. A splendid woman! She never turned a hair when the danger came. Even when she knew that to stir outside her bungalow meant probable death, she never winced. Though she professed at first not to like me, I think she liked my praise of her pluck. But that's beside the point. What does matter is, that when the next village began to burn, she came boldly out to me, disguised as one of her own servants, and told me what she meant to do: that is, to kill herself, as women had done before who feared the thing one doesn't talk about. She risked coming down to me because she wanted to put some papers into my hands. It was a sultry evening when she appeared. You could see the glow of fires across the hills. You must begin to have an inkling of the situation."

"What was this burning you talk of?" one of us asked.

"Some religious outburst," old General Somersby said.

"Right!" returned Chaffit. "Eastern susceptibilities. The old story. That's where Dolman put his foot in it."

"Did you say Dolman?" inquired Clantworthy, casually.

"Yes, Dolman of Balliol. With the usual Balliol reputation. You knew him, perhaps?"

"No," answered Clantworthy. "But I knew the girl he married."

Chaffit was silent a moment.

"Don't mind me," urged Clantworthy.

"You see," the other man continued, "I was in the position of

having to pay for another's mistakes. Dolman ought to have known that imprisonment was not the punishment for a sacred personage who merely put into practice the principles of an inviolable tradition. Death, his followers might have understood. But, imprisonment! It set the whole district literally aflame. And then Dolman happened to discover that his presence was required elsewhere. Accordingly, he left me in charge, with the strictest orders not to leave

the station. Those orders I deliberately disobeyed."

"With the result?" questioned the General, grimly.

"You shall learn. It is one of those tangled crises which make a greater event depend on a less. That I am on the verge of getting the kick is obvious even from this recital of bare facts; what else may happen depends, I suppose, upon a jury."

"By which," I surmised, "you take us back into the path of Mrs. Dolman's adventures?"

"Precisely," Chaffit returned. "A few words will explain all. Once she had given me the papers, she wanted to return home. How could she? She had got so far by a miracle. I had practically decided to stay up to this point. Important interests were in my keeping, and I had my orders. But, if I did stay, we were pretty certain to be wiped out. And, in the end, her coming decided me to go, as the only way to save her. Something she let drop affected me deeply; I don't know if I can repeat it."

"We shall start guessing if you don't," said I.

"Well, she said she might as well go back and end a life which had become intolerable. I could not bear to see a woman of that type—the royal type—throw her life away. I told her that what she held so lightly might some day be precious to someone. And then, at that very moment, came the news I was expecting. We were hemmed in, but there was a way out. We decided to risk it. We set out in the dark—we rode out into the wilds. It was perilous enough, but we had not been deceived. In two days' time we reached a place of comparative safety—a primitive hut. There we stayed for a week. One can learn a great deal about a woman in a week."

"You can smash yourself up to smithereens in five minutes, for that matter," growled the General.

"Ah," murmured Chaffit; "but I'm not smashed up yet, take my word! Do you think I'd spin this yarn to you fellows if this forced intimacy had gone further than friendship? That it did not, I swear upon my soul and honour."

And I think we all believed him.

"We reached Mandalay after ten days," he proceeded. "She bore the fatigue magnificently, but broke down at the end, saying things to me that one could not hear with calmness. I had to leave her then to make my report. I was asked for explanations. I gave them. They were not accepted. I received a reprimand—something more, in fact—and here I am at home, awaiting an inquiry into my case."

"On which," we suggested, "something else obviously depends."

"Yes," replied Chaffit; "the case of Dolman against Dolman and Chaffit will shortly be ripe for hearing."

I must confess that sympathies for and against Chaffit were somewhat divided. For my part, I supported him. Clantworthy never blames anybody. But some called our hero a pig-headed fool; others dubbed him an egotistical idiot.

The day before the case came on, Clantworthy came to me.

"Dick," said he, "come with me to the Court. I have my reasons for asking."

It was none of my business, but I had to yield, and in the end we went together. Why deal in detail with the miserable affair? Chaffit made, as might have been expected, an admirable witness. The papers got hold of his sharp answers; the Judge consulted the dictionary for suitable compliments. Half the world, in fact, was talking about Chaffit. Public sympathy ran high with him against Dolman. After which the lady appeared upon the scene. Then Chaffit's case suddenly collapsed. She took a course which, in a legal sense, she might have avoided. In a word, she admitted all. And then, flaming in the public eyes, sprang forth the natural, superficially lurid facts of the case. And sympathy veered round with the changing wind. Even at this stage the Judge tried to intervene to save Chaffit. In vain. Dolman carried the day.

Thus, then, as a nine days' wonder, the affair might have ended, had it not been for a startling occurrence. It was, in fact, the very morning after the trial that Clantworthy appeared, bearing news.

"Dolman is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Seized with apoplexy late last night, and gone within an hour."

"Well?"

"It is anything but well. I've seen Chaffit. He says he will never marry her. And she lied for his sake."

"You puzzle me—you amaze me."

"I did not say for his advantage, but for his sake. She saw no other way to freedom, and she lied. Can't you see, man? Why, I'd answer for her with my life! I knew her before she married that brute Dolman. How could she tell that his lease was so nearly run? She saw no other way of escape. Do you think it was a little thing to her, to let her honour go as she did?"

"I don't quite see it in your light," I responded. But he bore me down with words.

"The world says she must marry Chaffit. Well, I bow to the world. Plain enough it may be to me, who know her pure as the hills, that it was *he* who told the truth, and *she* who lied; but he must abide by the issue, since the law believed her and not him. It is as simple as honour! Do you suppose it is not galling to me to see that she could love Chaffit enough to act so madly? And was not Fortune against her? Freedom the same day as the trial!"

"That," I said, coldly, snatching at a straw, "may have been the accident of an accident. The excitement of the trial may have killed him."

"Why," Clantworthy expostulated, "that makes no difference! Look at her side of it. Is not self-preservation to count for something?"

"I should hardly reason in the same way. But is there anything, in any case, that one can do?"

"Much," he replied, eagerly. "First, we have to convince Chaffit of his duty."

"We may wish ourselves joy of the task! If it were he who had been lying——"

"I don't suggest it."

"The world will."

"For which he cares nothing!"

"Is that a pose?"

"Thrash it out with him, and we shall see. Come, I insist. I can't do this thing alone."

Once more I yielded.

When we did meet, it filled me with surprise that a fourth person should be present. The fourth person was Mrs. Dolman herself. It whipped up my flagging interest. Indeed, I was most curious to see her. It seemed that she had written to Chaffit a letter full of woe and tears, and he, though he would not answer her in writing, had sent her a message through Clantworthy saying that he would see her in the presence of others, and so it came about. We three men were assembled before she came, and her coming was a relief to us all. Never had woman so completely the air of the penitent. She was dressed in black, but not in weeds. Her beautiful face was cold and pale, but her eyes were clear and bright, and she spoke with perfect self-command.

"I see that I was wrong," she said, when the ice had been broken; "but there were—were there not?—extenuating circumstances. Let us think no more of that! Indeed—indeed, I don't defend myself. I wronged you terribly, Mr. Chaffit. If only it could be part of my solace that I wronged myself more; if only some would consider the temptation! If only I could have foreseen, but there! It is useless; I am simply here to tell you that what I have said I will unsay, what I have done I will undo, whatever it may cost me!"

"It is too late," said Chaffit, looking straight before him.

"Nonsense!" said Clantworthy, his eyes glittering. "The generous thing will become you, Chaffit. What is a man's reputation to a woman's?"

"A man has his career," came Chaffit's answer, as though he would sweep us all away in his resentment.

"There is the Court of Appeal, Chaffit. They could not refuse to listen."

"A pack of lawyers!" answered the victim. "Sooner than commit myself again to their tender mercies, I'd put a bullet through my head. No! And never! It is too late!"

She gave him one look. Therein I read the truth. She loved this man who could not forgive her for the height of passion to which she had risen, who could not understand by what process of reasoning she had persuaded herself to do what she had done. All he could see was this: For her own ends she had sacrificed him. He was relentless.

In vain we two others pleaded for time and thought.

"To what purpose?" Chaffit asked. "We are branded. I do not care a pin what the world says. I care for what I have lost by a lie. I could not regain it except by a miracle. And I have ceased to expect justice. I am the Man who Ran Away. You make a very ordinary proposal. I could reject it merely by explaining that, ruined, dismissed the Service as I am, the position of my wife is not available for this or any other lady. Beggary, indeed, is a fair excuse! But I do not press it. I give you a truer reason. I could not support existence with one who could so dare to treat me. There you have a plain answer which destroys your alternatives. Whether the verdict be revised or no I care as little as the usher of the Court who grinned in our faces as the cause progressed. No! You may talk till doomsday, but you will never convince me that I have any duty to this lady, who, in return for what I did, encompassed my undoing. If she now comes forward with a confession of her falseness—tell her that I can do without it."

It is impossible to convey the frigidity of his words. He ceased. Our tongues were tied.

"And now," he said, "I will ask you to excuse me."

Mrs. Dolman watched him as he went. Her gaze was half of fear, half of fascination. She knew that she had thrown her die and lost. He would return no more. I was sorry for both. Clantworthy alone took the matter lightly. To me it seemed to border on the tragical.

"Well," my cheerful friend said, "I cannot blame him for refusing. He might fare badly a second time at the hands of the law. And I begin to think she did not really care for him. Perhaps it will turn out for the best in the end."

Returning to town after a few months' absence, I chanced to run up against Clantworthy. He seemed in highest spirits.

"Yes," said he; "all's well, as I told you it would be. I am leaving England to-morrow—and with *her*."

"You don't mean to tell me——?" I began, incredulously.

"Yes, old man. She consented at last. I know what you're going to say. Congratulate me instead. She'll soon forget, and you know I never keep a wound open. And, man alive, you know how it all happened. I'm not up to her level, by Jove! But the berth I've got in Brazil is good enough for us both."

I did my best to speak smooth words, but they came haltingly, and I left Clantworthy in a state of bewilderment. This feeling was intensified because I met Chaffit the same evening, a changed and broken man.

Clantworthy I have never seen again: Chaffit often and often. I am told that the Brazilian establishment is a great success. How should it not be so, where the man is chivalry itself, and the woman beautiful, careful, and true?

But Chaffit! I pass him now and then, but he will not talk. He has drifted apart from his old friends. His eyes express a persistent regret. He has discovered, but too late, that this was the woman for him. Sometimes, in his mind, he sees her again, and, as his figure pauses in the street, he tells himself that, if he should meet her once more, nothing should tear her from him—he would call her away from Clantworthy, and, God knows, she would come!

He is growing greyer and greyer, despising the opinion of a world he has defied, wincing under its lash, yet in moments of exaltation happy because he knows it to be based upon a lie.

Deserted by all, hourly abased because his career is gone, he stands for me as one whom while I pity I must yet admire: a man who has in him the strength of mind which wears away at last the falser judgments of the world, but who must suffer tortures untold whilst that process is going on.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AFTER a run of seventy-three performances, "The Chevalier" will make his final and profound bow from the stage of the Garrick on Saturday evening, and on the following Monday, the last day of the present month, Mr. Alfred Sutro's play, "The Walls of Jericho," will take its place. Mr. Sutro is no stranger to the Garrick Theatre, for Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier have already acted in his duologue, "A Marriage has been Arranged," while he himself appeared on the stage of that house as one of the Lords of High Degree at the Court of the King and Queen of Denmark on that afternoon during the summer when Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" was acted by a distinguished Company composed of the playwrights of London.

To-morrow Sunderland will put on its best array in honour of a theatrical event. This is Sir Henry Irving's visit to the town where, eight-and-forty years ago, he made his first appearance as the Duke of Orleans in "Richelieu," and spoke the first line of the play. The

and there are lighter pieces to be done when the opportunity arrives. In regard to his play-writing, Mr. Grattan may claim hereditary talent, for his father, who was also an actor, was the author of many plays.

So marked has been the public recognition of Mrs. Brown-Potter's attempt to snatch victory out of the very jaws of defeat that she has resolved to continue indefinitely, for the present at all events, her campaign at the Savoy. Instead of waiting until her bill has exhausted its popularity, she has wisely resolved to anticipate her future needs by deciding to produce the Rev. Forbes Phillips's modern romantic play, "For Church or Stage." This Mrs. Brown-Potter has already acted for three months in the provinces, and it never failed to attract good houses.

The souvenir which Mr. Beerbolm Tree will present to the visitors who will foregather at His Majesty's Theatre to celebrate with him the fiftieth performance of "The Tempest" will have a different significance from most other similar mementoes of a great success, in that, instead of being merely ornamental, it will represent many hours'



MR. EDWARD TERRY, THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN.



LADY HARRIS, WIDOW OF SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

AN INTERESTING THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENT.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

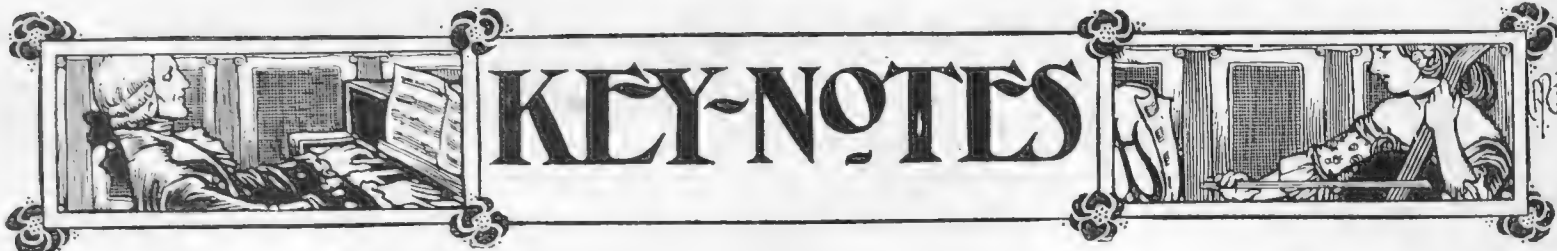
words, "Here's to our enterprise," have been construed over and over again into a favourable omen, in virtue of Sir Henry's conspicuous success, though they have naturally been given by hundreds and probably thousands of other actors who have achieved not, it is true, an equal measure of fame; but no inconsiderable share of applause. They have also been spoken by others who, starting as full of hope as did our leading actor, have sunk unremembered and unsung into their graves, though they sleep no whit less soundly for that reason.

This evening "The Orchid" celebrates its three hundredth anniversary, so that the new Gaiety will shortly have its first birthday-party. In honour of the event, Mr. George Edwardes has decided to avail himself of Mr. Harry Grattan's very graceful talent as a draughtsman in preparing, in part, the interesting souvenir which such an occasion as to-night's inevitably demands.

Mr. Grattan is one of the many actors who spend a portion of their leisure in drawing and painting, and he is especially skilled in the production of silhouette sketches, in which he really contrives to obtain a very striking resemblance to his subject. What is by no means so generally known is that Mr. Grattan has also no little skill as a dramatist, and several plays from his pen have already been produced, notably a melodrama which had a career in the provinces,

careful thought and consideration on the part of the popular actor-manager who is so rapidly making His Majesty's Theatre the representative home of the national drama. The plaudits which are certain to greet Mr. Tree will be at once a recognition of what he has done in the past and an incentive to even greater achievement in the future, for his ambition is apparently as restless as his imagination. It can only be assuaged by fresh endeavour, and with him fresh endeavour seems to mean fresh success.

Congratulations are due, and will be freely offered, to Mr. Edward Terry, "the most public-spirited actor in England," who is engaged to be married to Lady Harris, widow of "Druriolanus." To recount Mr. Terry's active and artistic career would be futile at the moment, but it is of interest to note that he is sixty years of age, and that his enthusiasm for his art is only equalled by his enthusiasm for municipal affairs and theatrical charities and institutions. His first wife died some seven years ago, and he has a son and two daughters. The wedding will, it is said, take place before Christmas, in order that the bride may accompany her husband on his forthcoming tour in America, which opens in January next. In anticipation of the event, Lady Harris has already given up her residence, "The Elms," Regent's Park.



THE Opera Season, inaugurated for what one might cruelly call an autumnal audience, seems to have caught on with the general—by which word we, of course, intend the significance of Shakspeare when he said “Caviare,” meaning an out-of-the-way dish for the public. Therefore, there is every reason why that unknown

quantity which one hears spoken of as the musical public of London should have taken an enormous interest in the scheme as arranged by those in authority at Covent Garden. It has been a sort of grievance against the public in this town that it rarely takes a great thought for music. Long articles by such extraordinary people as Mr. Ernest Newman (who considers, apparently, one may say in all kindness, that music is impossible unless it is under his own immediate control) tell us that London has to be taught, has to be in a sort of way baptised before it can in any way realise what is absolutely going on under the experience of its very eyes. Mr. Newman, whom I have just mentioned, seems to think that there is no such thing as

than he knew, but at the same time expressed nearly everything that he did not know—these words are for the wise. Puccini should have been the last man, save for one little spiritual touch which inevitably comes into the whole of his composition, to set a story of this kind to music; but the Italian at his best realises that great fight which eternally lasts through the lifetime of a man, and which is only set at rest when the time comes that a woman enters definitely into his struggling life, and such an Italian must express himself either in literature or in music. Puccini, in the elemental Italian spirit, expresses himself in music. Among the olives of his land, among the spare cypress-trees, here and there on distant hills where one or two violets occasionally grow from the soil, where a small Madonna Chapel will meet you on the road, where there are hills that look not like hills but like descents into a new Paradise, where the grass grows quietly short and is never luxuriant, where there are grey skies, and where nothing is exaggerated—it is here that Puccini found his great inspiration and has told to the world the things that Italy is, and not the Italy which might be if one judged from the common conversation in the world. Caruso as Des Grieux was not exactly the Caruso with whom the Opera House has made us familiar. In fact, though it may sound just a trifle out of the common picture of criticism, he disappointed us by reason of his self-restraint. In a word, he was not *our* Caruso; he was not recognisable as anything but as a very charming, quiet, and peaceful lover who was never “afraid with any amazement.”

COMMON CHORD.



MISS GLEESON WHITE, A TALENTED YOUNG SINGER.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

music for the masses; he is quite ready to inform you, and therewith the whole world, that his peculiarity in his understanding of music is quite exceptional and, in a word, unique. It matters not at all that we who belong to the world, are of the world who know something of the world of music, and possess possibly a good deal more knowledge of Wagner and Richard Strauss than does Mr. Newman—also that we state our opinions and leave the broad world of the large life of musicians to judge the matter.

We may leave Mr. Newman alone, however, and at once begin to criticise the Opera of the past few days at Covent Garden. It is not too much to say that the performances have been unqualified successes; one may then reasonably leave Mr. Newman to his own journalistic devices, with the certainty that a purple article by him will finally appear in some North American paper describing many things which no other human being has noticed. The inauguration, then, of the Opera was followed by very great success, not only from the artistic point of view, a level upon which the present writer naturally stands, but also from what one would apparently think to be an entirely new and revealing thought so far as the outward circumstances of the Covent Garden world are concerned.

Night after night, then, the house has been crowded from ceiling to floor. It is very well to say that Italian Opera draws Italians as an audience; but we beg leave to doubt if the audience was drawn entirely from, let us say, Saffron Hill, or an emotionally Italian quarter in London. It is utterly impossible to imagine that there should be such a combination of national enthusiasm as would fill the cheaper parts of the Opera House during a long period of time, night after night—that is, just for the sake of attempting to show a sort of national pride. There are many Italian singers who appear before the public during the common and (let it be said) also the select season of Opera who are not greeted with anything like the enthusiasm which has been accorded to the singers at the Opera during the past few days. One was reminded, indeed, of the old time.

Giacomo Puccini has been represented upon the Covent Garden stage by his “Manon Lescaut.” As we all know, the libretto is based upon the book of Prevost, who as in a dream saw very much farther



SIGNOR GIACOMO PUCCINI, THE CELEBRATED COMPOSER.

Photograph by Varischi, Artico, and Co., Milan.



The Blackpool Trials—Why not Lady Competitors?—Motor-Cycle Trial—Courtesy on the Road—The Long Island Accidents.

GIVEN proper handling by experienced men, and proper attention to detail, Blackpool, the favourite seaside resort of the Lancastrians, may, as it will, vie with Nice and Ostend as one of the fastest automobile sprinting venues in Europe. The trials held there on the 14th and 15th inst. were proof and to spare of this possibility, for, although the latter-day speed-rates of Nice and Ostend were not nearly approached, that was due not to the track, which was as fast and as safe as could be desired, but to the fact that, as racing automobiles go, those speeded over the course were a few months out of date and hardly up to the sprinting qualities of Rigolly's 100 horse-power Gobrin-Brillie. However, the British flying-kilometre record, held by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, was tied, this latter gentleman, driving a 100 horse-power Mors, running a very fine second to the record-equalling car driven by Mr. Clifford Earp. Whilst at Blackpool, however, I saw enough to convince me that something has got to be done to equalise chances and obtain real finishes if the racing of the slower cars is to hold the attention of the public; also that a comprehensible and simple method of at once signalling the results of each event right down the course must be instituted if the public are to be interested.

I marvel that a race or races with lady drivers up did not figure upon the Blackpool programme. Of course, lady drivers might have competed in the events as they stood, but the feminine automobilist of average driving ability would, unlike such past-mistresses of the art of automobile handling and steering as Miss Dorothy Levitt and Miss Hampson, shrink somewhat from freely entering the lists against skilled drivers of the sterner sex. In the next meeting to be held on the tarred granite course at Blackpool I shall hope to see a ladies' automobile race, limited, say, to the conduct of 10-12 horse-power touring-cars, fully equipped. This would not be tempting fate too far, and would restrain the feminine ambition for the guidance of such quick-firing monsters as the modern racing automobile. I feel sure there would be no lack of entries, for anyone who drives round about much these days cannot have failed to notice the increasing number of the fair who drive their own cars.

An interesting reliability trial for motor-cycles designed to carry two passengers, fitted with change-speed gears and costing under £100, will be held by the Auto-Cycle Club on Nov. 5 over Hertfordshire and Cambridgeshire roads. Every machine must be fitted with a clutch, so that vehicles in which the engine cannot be started with the motor-cycle at rest will be ineligible. This is distinctly a step in the right direction, for, though it was at one time held in some favour, there is clearly no future for a two-seated motor-cycle which the driver has to push or pedal to start what time his passenger is

aboard. The distance of the run will be about a hundred miles, the maximum running-time being six and the minimum time five hours. No petrol or oil is to be taken up during the run, but the water-tank may be replenished at the end of the first fifty miles. This I consider to be a mistake, as a vehicle of this kind, if it is to become a practical and reliable machine, should be able to make a non-stop run without stopping for anything whatsoever. The performances of the machines themselves are not to be discounted by tyre-mishaps, although the time occupied in tyre-repairs will be recorded.

A friend of mine who takes all the exercise he can get, per that useful but humble instrument the push-bicycle, tells me that upon most of the main roads out of London motor-drivers show a good deal more consideration for cyclists than was the case a couple of years ago.

I am bound to say that I have noticed this myself, both when cycling and when motor-driving, and am inclined to ascribe the milder manners of the motorist to the repeated trenchant appeals that have been issued from time to time by the Automobile Club. I am quite aware that the cyclist who occupies the main portion of the crown of the road what time he assists the forward progress of his best girl by deft propulsion between the lady's shoulder-blades, and refuses to give a yard to the most entreating horn-hoots, is a very exasperating case, and somewhat discounts the motorist's leanings toward consideration and mercy. But if the automobilist will even then show him that he may still have all the clearance that can be spared, it will be seed sown on good ground,

and the wheelman, feeling ashamed of his road hoggishness, will play the passing game with greater fairness next time.

The regrettable accidents which occurred during the international competition for the Vanderbilt Cup over the Long Island course will make it very difficult for the American Automobile Club to obtain a course for next year's contest. The strenuous opposition of the Long Island farmers to the race being held at all shows that the Yankee agriculturist is just as prejudiced and unprogressive as our own tillers of the soil. They both compare very poorly with their fellow-delvers of Belgium, France, and Ireland, who are keen enough to see that the holding of such an event brings large sums of money into their neighbourhood, a goodly proportion of which must find its way into their pockets through some channel or other. So bitterly were the Long Island cultivators opposed to the race that one might easily fancy that the very surfaces of the roads bore crops. The manner in which the competitors were hampered by sightseers suggests the study of the British, French, and German methods of keeping a speed-course by those charged with the conduct of the next Vanderbilt race.



FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

FATHER: *When I was a boy, we thought that to travel sixty miles an hour on a motor was something wonderful.*
SON: *Good gracious!*

[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cambridgeshire—The Classics—Starts—Competitions—Amateurs.

THE Houghton Meeting should be a good wind-up to a very successful Newmarket season, as the company includes His Majesty the King and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The race for the Cambridgeshire will, as usual, provide plenty of food for reflection, and the winner may take some finding, as the race will be run at a great pace from end to end, which may not quite suit the non-stayers. The betting points to the great chances held by Delaunay and Hackler's Pride. The first-named, as the Pet Colt, easily beat Pretty Polly at even weights over five furlongs, but he may not quite get this distance. Hackler's Pride has been specially saved for the race. He won easily enough last year, and, on the horses-for-courses theory, he should be backed. Caius represents the best of the French form. Wild Oats, if fit and well, should go close; and Nabot, who ran third for the race two years ago, should go close. A great tip at Newmarket is The Bishop, who, I know, was fancied for a big handicap two years back, but he did not then give his true running. I think the race will be won by Hackler's Pride, and it is just on the cards that Dean Swift will get a place. The Dewhurst Plate will bring out some smart two-year-olds. I am told that the race will be won by Lord Alington's Plum Centre, who is trained by John Porter at Kingsclere.

The classic races of 1905 will be of an international character, as M. E. Blanc is well represented in the majority of the events, and he is very likely to go close for the Two Thousand and the Derby. For the Derby, M. Blanc has two Flying Fox colts engaged; these are Jardy, the winner of the Middle Park Plate, and Val d'Or, who is reported to be the better of the two. In addition, M. Blanc has Narcisse, by Winkfield's Pride, and Saint Michael, by Winkfield's Pride, in the race. The best of this quartette should take some beating, but I, for one, shall stand on Lord Rosebery's Cicero to do the trick. The son of Cyllene—Gas looks all over a Derby winner. He is a stout, fast colt, and is very likely to improve with age. Lord Rosebery is well-advised in giving the colt a rest, and he is very likely to come to hand as sound as bell-metal in the early spring. Cicero is not in the Two Thousand Guineas, in which race M. Blanc could be represented by Jardy and Val d'Or. Of the English horses engaged, the pick appears to me to be Mozart, Shah Jehan, Vedas, and Llangibby, but on paper the race looks a good thing just now for the best of the French pair. However, time tries all, and it is just on the cards that a smart dark'un will be found capable of upholding the honour and glory of Old England. Anyway, there should be plenty of excitement in 1905 both over the Guineas and the Derby.

Some of the starts have been so wretchedly bad of late that it behoves the Stewards of the Jockey Club to take immediate action with the view to giving fair play to all. It is pretty generally agreed that the start from the standstill has been a big failure, and good judges contend that all starts should take place from the walk. This

could easily be managed by having a chalk-line drawn, say, fifty yards behind the tape from which all horses should walk up to the bands. Some critics contend that, in the event of a "no go," much time would be cut to waste, but better than the bad starts that take place at present. The late Mr. McGeorge, one of our most successful starters under the flag system, always started his field from a walk, and it answered well. For the system to be a complete success, it would be necessary for a Steward to be present at the starting-post, and this should be possible at all meetings. If not, the Jockey Club could appoint a paid Starting Steward to see fair play and to report on the insubordination of the jockeys at the post when necessary.



MR. J. MUSKER'S HENRY THE FIRST, WINNER OF THE GATWICK STAKES.



AFTER A SELLING-RACE: THE AUCTIONEER'S BOX.

THE GATWICK MEETING (Oct. 18, 19).

The guessing competitions on horse-races in England continue to flourish on the Continent, and the bookmakers complain that a lot of money goes out of the country that would otherwise find its way into their satchels. It may not be generally known that, when the coupon system of guessing winners in this country was carried on, two firms who ran competitions netted something like eight hundred thousand pounds between them, which goes to show how fond the sporting public are of guessing at the probable winners. Of course, the competitions I refer to were all fair and above-board, but, like faro, the game was in favour of the banker, in this way: The stakes were always more than paid by the entrance-fees, and, although the full prize-money was, I believe, won five weeks out of every six, the balance remaining to the runners of the scheme was a leviathan one. The little punter is always attracted with the chance of getting fifty pounds for a shilling, and this will account for the double-event merchants doing so well, as a rule, though they suffer at times when all the big minds think alike; and proof of this will come with the decision of the Cambridgeshire should either of the favourites chance to get home first.

Although I, for one, should be very pleased to hear that National Hunt flat-races were abandoned—or, better still, thrown open to professional

riders—I should much like to see more amateurs of good standing riding between the flags, and I do think Masters of Foxhounds should do more than they do at present to encourage steeplechasing. I suggest to the Sandown Park Racecourse Company that they institute a three-mile steeplechase of, say, £500, the horses to be ridden only by Masters of Foxhounds. I believe it would prove a big success, and it might possibly help to attract more hunting-men to meetings held under National Hunt Rules. The many little hunt-meetings held throughout the country are fairly well supported, but the big park steeplechase fixtures do not draw as they should do, if we except the Grand Military Meeting, which, of course, is a big attraction to the redcoats and to the ladies who love to watch the soldiers in the saddle. I am surprised that more Masters do not train their own steeplechasers and ride them in their engagements. This should have a great attraction for the real hunting-man.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT is astonishing what a craze Londoners have of late years developed for the country. The papers are full of advertisements for eligible sites or ideal properties, for if your "new" man has one propensity stronger than the rest it is his admiration for old acres, while, on the other hand, opulently proportioned town-mansions stand untenanted, and in the most favourite thoroughfares

copper-beech, was profusely worn. The old-fashioned purple also obtained a hearing in cloth as well as taffetas; but of green, so prominent a favourite in other seasons, there was little to be seen, Mrs. Langtry, who appeared in a red silk waistcoat with skirt of green cloth and long coat of green corduroy velvet, being one of the few who wore it.

Of evening-frocks one had quite plethora during the week, after three dinner-parties and an elaborate week-end in Kent: a tomato-red velvet evening-frock, for instance, before whose overwhelming effects description pales its ineffectual rushlight, while in most admirable contrast was an all-black frock of silk-embroidered gauze which fell in square panels over wide-shaped flounces of jet-powdered mousseline-de-soie. A tea-gown with just pretensions to sublimity was concocted of ivory panne, narrow borderings of brown marmot, and clouds of delicate lace, quaint little graduated bows of pink taffetas from chin to toe-tip forming, with the pink satin shoes, its sole note or *nuance*, as you like, of colour. Endlessly could one tot the sum-total of all the thrice-gorgeous clothes that have come and gone before one's dazzled eyes; but perhaps it serves as much purpose to say, without undue prolixity, that the present is essentially a season of beautiful garments which, while adhering to no special characteristics except emphatic floppiness and looseness, offer many possibilities to "the tall, the thin, the stout, the slim," inasmuch as so large a liberty is permitted in detail. We can, in fact, dress in the style Empire, the Louis Quinze, or the Early Victorian, just as we choose, and be equally modish in each.

The subject of new and ineffable fashions would be incomplete without a mention of the monstrous fine gowns in which Kate Reily's salons are arrayed to meet the coming season. Velvet is here recognised as a foremost fashion, and exquisite examples of this suave and stately stuff are exhibited on the elegant figures of the *mannequins* for customers' delectation. One model, of vivid geranium velours mousseline, made a striking picture and was subdued to



[Copyright.]

THE SMARTNESS OF VELVET AND FUR.

signs of distress, in the shape of house-agents' boards, proclaim the fact of emptiness within. Two causes are assigned for this recent change of venue—one the omnipotent motor, and the other universal hard-uppishness. Both have much to do with working the change. Convenience and speed on one hand, health and economy on the other. But it is a curious fact to note in the eternal readjustment of sublunary matters that the agricultural population of Great Britain is draining into the towns as the more-moneyed classes are leaving them. Perhaps by-and-by we shall revert to the natural and more happy order of resident landlord and tenant, though that can be hardly hoped for in Ireland, where the country is practically depopulated, as far as the young people are concerned, and the amended legend goes that God made the country, man made the town, and the devil made the emigrant-ship.

A warm and mellow October like this one we are at present enjoying has a charm all its own in the country, and it would indeed be difficult to recall a more perfect occasion of its kind than last week's Sandown. The weather was unparalleled, the sport quite sufficiently good, and autumn-frocks figured forth in all their brand-new effulgence; in fact, so oppressively warm was Thursday that many women announced their intention of coming next day in summer-gowns. Full, fuller, fullest describes the gradations of the latest skirt; so much, indeed, have inflated draperies and much-gathered skirts become a vogue that crinoline itself would hardly convey a shock if seen in public. Brown seems a very favourite colour, and, from the deep chocolate shades to fiery tones of tan and



[Copyright.]

COAT OF CARACUL TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

perfect becomingness by a deep shoulder-berthe of priceless Venetian point. A contrasting afternoon-costume of brilliant indigo, with embroidered vest and cuffs of silver and sapphire, made an effect of pronounced smartness. Amongst the many desirable coats on view was one of a dull mouse-coloured velvet with suggestions of green, amply and becomingly flanked with the always elegant chinchilla. The long, tight-fitting coat of a white cloth gown was stamped with the style that Kate Reily somehow imparts to her simplest garments; and there was a little outdoor creation in the shape of a castor-beaver coat, with trimmings of Irish crochet, and a richly embroidered white satin waistcoat, spelling the last word of distinction.

Amongst the hats at Kate Reily's a prosperous friend expanded herself excessively, bearing away a charming picture-chapeau of brown velvet with "fixin's" of apricot velvet and roses to match. It rests on her auburn hair enchantingly and is an idealised autumnal vision in its way. Lavender still has its vogue, and a felt trimmed with flower-shaped rosettes of pale-tinted satins, helped out with a long, curling, Nell Gwynne plume to fall across the hair, was, of course, the ideal crown for a dark-haired woman. Kate Reily is, in fact, entirely up to her usual form, if not beyond it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

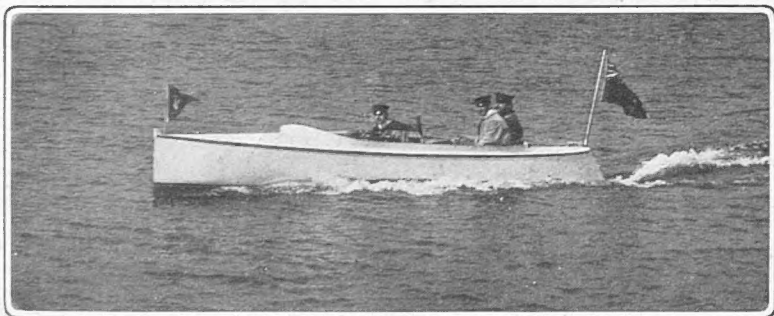
JULIA (Brighton).—I cannot help agreeing with your remarks and have always thought it a wonderfully well-advertised but much overrated specific. For your teeth try "Fuo." It is the discovery of a Swedish chemist and is prepared at Stockholm, but can now be had of any good chemist here. It is highly concentrated, and to be used diluted with water, one of its great properties being that it destroys the bacteria which primarily cause decay in teeth, and it has been known to arrest the early stage of diphtheria, and in cases of headache this invaluable mouth-wash, if rubbed on the temples, will relieve pain and induce sleep. It is put up in bottles at 2s. 9d., and, in view of its high concentration, this will be found one of the cheapest dentifrices.

LADY B. (Mayfair).—The London Corset Company have just introduced a charming toy in the shape of magnifying-glasses with views of Paris and their manufactory. I feel sure if you called they would not be averse to giving you one or two for your stall, as, besides being intrinsically interesting, this novelty is an advertisement of the Company's unique corsets and their method of production. **SYBIL.**

For the Folkestone Races next Saturday (29th) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of specials. Club trains (first class only, return day fare eight shillings) leave Charing Cross at 10.50 and 11.2 a.m., the latter calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, while trains conveying third-class passengers only (return fare five shillings) leave at 10.15 and 10.30 a.m., calling at the same stations, also at New Cross. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

The Great Central Company's A B C Programme of excursion facilities from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to the Midlands and the North is as complete as usual. On Saturdays, Nov. 5 and 19 and Dec. 3, excursion bookings are announced for two, three, five, or eight days to numerous towns and holiday resorts; also on Sundays, Nov. 6 and 20 and Dec. 4, for certain stations, leaving Marylebone at 11.15 a.m. Cheap week-end tickets are issued every Friday and Saturday to all the principal inland and seaside pleasure-resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and Scotland. Copies of the admirably arranged and comprehensive Programme can be obtained free on application at Marylebone Station and the Company's Town Offices or Agencies.

This boat, known as *La Blanchaille*, was built for Mr. H. R. Kirk, the well-known Leeds automobilist, and in the picture will be seen Mr. Rowland Winn, of Leeds, and Mr. Smith. It is the first motor-boat into which a Crossley engine has been fitted, and some splendid results have been obtained. Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Limited, supplied the engine to Mr. Kirk, and, though it was fitted into the boat in a great hurry, in her trials *La Blanchaille* accomplished a speed of nearly seventeen miles an hour. She is a twenty-footer,



"LA BLANCHAILLE," ONE OF THE FASTEST MOTOR-BOATS OF THE DAY.

Photograph by Herbert, Windermere.

and Mr. Kirk is delighted with her. The motor is the 22 horse-power Crossley, and the boat is fitted with a Durham Churchill reversing gear. Messrs. Jarrott and Letts have received several orders for boats fitted with the Crossley motor. The hull of *La Blanchaille* was built by N. Shepherd, of Bowness-on-Windermere.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

KING GEORGE OF SAXONY, who passed away last week at the historic summer residence of Pillnitz on the Elbe, was the third son of Johann, the poet King whose translations of Dante are still read with delight wherever the German tongue prevails (writes our Correspondent). He was the most intellectual of all the children of the verse-making monarch, and in his early manhood several sensational literary productions were ascribed to his pen—erroneously, as it subsequently appeared. All his life long he was an ardent lover of music. There are still at the Prussian Court those who remember the entrancing performances of the late monarch when, as a young Prince, he visited his Royal aunt, the Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, and sat at the piano playing for hours at a stretch her favourite pieces.

As he advanced in years the artistic passion yielded more and more to the gloom of his religious devotionism. He was a most stringent Roman Catholic, and though, when he ascended the throne two years and a half ago, he respected in the most scrupulous manner the Protestant liberties of his subjects, he was always suspected by the populace of Jesuitical leanings. These probably unfounded suspicions were strengthened by the conversion during his reign of some of the leading noble families in Saxony to Rome, and they were openly expressed at the time of the escapade of the lady who, in the ordinary course of affairs, would now be Queen of Saxony. The Crown Princess Louise was dearly loved by the people, who sought to explain her flight by attributing it to Jesuitical intrigues.

As an "enlightened" woman, the Princess, who was a lover of Schopenhauer, was believed to be a stone in the path of the Jesuits, who feared her influence when she should ascend the throne. Giron, rumour declared, was himself a Jesuit who had been chosen by his superiors to lead the Princess astray. So high did popular feeling run at the time that the daughter of the King, Princess Mathilda, who was regarded as his religious mentor, was unable for some weeks to appear in the streets of Dresden without exposing herself to the danger of insult. This being so, it is scarcely surprising that the people should have resented the edict which the King published shortly afterwards, denouncing the divorced Crown Princess as a woman who had long since "fallen in secret," having abandoned herself to lawless passions. This public and official castigation of a woman who had been the darling of the people and whose escapade there was an inclination to condone, or, at least, to explain, on the ground that she had found the gloomy life of the Royal Family insupportable, certainly did not render the feelings of the Saxons more cordial towards their aged King.

During the thirty years of the reign of his brother, King Albert the Just, whom he did not succeed till his seventieth year, King George exercised the greatest influence on the course of public business. He was an excellent speaker and always managed to impress his brother with his superior knowledge. He it was who urged the passage of a franchise law which excluded the members of the Social Democratic Party from all chance of representation in the Saxon Chamber. When he ascended the throne, the country was in the throes of a financial and industrial crisis, and not the least of the sorrows of King George was due to the fact that the elections to the Imperial Diet, which are conducted on the basis of manhood suffrage, resulted in Saxony becoming the "Red Kingdom" of the Empire. In all save one constituency Social Democratic members were returned from Saxony to the Reichstag. It was to this circumstance that the new King alluded in his proclamation to the people the other day, when he said that the misfortunes suffered by King George would have made a less high-hearted monarch despair and lose all confidence in his people.

Miss Gwen Forwood has written a little book of fairy and other stories, and has illustrated them with pictures in colour and drawings in line. "The Odd Fancies of Gwen" is the title chosen for this very bright and imaginative effort, designed in the first instance by a child for the amusement of children, and now presented to a wider audience than may be found in the nursery. Miss Forwood has a pretty fancy with pen and pencil, and there is every reason to believe that, when she has had more practice and experience, her work will obtain ready and permanent acceptance in the world of children's books. "The Odd Fancies of Gwen" will certainly find a prominent place among books bought for the nursery at Christmas-time. It is published by Henry J. Drane.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-seven (from July 20 to October 12, 1904) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

INLAND.	ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months 14s.; Christmas Half-year, 15s. 3d.	Six Months, 19s. 6d.; Christmas Half-year, £1 1s.
Three Months, 7s.; Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.	Three Months, 9s. 9d.; Christmas Quarter, 11s. 3d.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London" or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

BROADENING MARKETS.

THE cheerful faces which even the veriest stroller may see in Throgmorton Street, to say nothing of the bustle and other outward signs of business, are fairly conclusive tokens of the general improvement which has come over the Stock Markets within the last few weeks. For months—we had almost said, for years—Settlements have come and gone and there has been very little to settle, but the two October Accounts will show quite respectable amounts of business to be adjusted.

In every market the effect of increasing business is making itself felt, and if the professionals can only keep from profit-snatching, there is every prospect of the long period of stagnation through which we have been passing coming to an end. We do not look forward to, or even hope for “a boom”—indeed, such an outcome of the present improvement would be a misfortune rather than a blessing—but we cannot help thinking that we may expect a return to normal times and a considerable revival of interest in the Stock Markets.

Last week, before the rise in price had set in, we mentioned the Premier Diamond Mine, and our readers will remember two very remarkable letters which our Rand Correspondent, the late Mr. Robert Connell, wrote in 1903 upon the prospects of the property. In those days Mr. Connell prophesied a great future for the Transvaal diamond industry, but it is well to bear in mind the low price per carat which the stones fetch. The exact figures are not before us, but, speaking from memory, the Premier stones have averaged well under thirty shillings a carat.

Some weeks ago, we called attention to the low price of *Lady's Pictorial* shares, and suggested that the profits for the year could not be less than £20,000 or £21,000. The exact figures are not available, but we believe that they will considerably exceed the sum we named,

Egyptian Mines and Exploration Company, which started four years ago under the chairmanship of the late Mr. Herbert Chamberlain. This Company has floated off most of its territory, and is in the comfortable position of not wanting any further funds. The first mine it opened up was the Um Rus. This was sold to the Taylors for cash and shares. The main shaft is down 500 feet upon a rich and long chute of gold. A 10-head battery will be crushing the beginning of January, and, as development work is well ahead, the property should become profit-earning at once. A conservative estimate of cost at Um Rus is 12 dwt., and the reef will certainly go well over an ounce. The Egyptian Mines Exploration Company owns 33,000 shares and the Mysore Reefs 66,000 shares. The capital is £150,000, and the shares are $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ premium. The Central Egypt Exploration Company is another of the Egyptian Mines' babies; it has been working upon two centres—Fowakir and At Allah. The latter mine has lately shown some startling results, a seven-ounce reef having been found at the 170-foot level. This property has had a good deal of work done upon it during the past summer, and the future looks brilliant. Both water and labour are plentiful at At Allah.

Eridia has been handed over for development to a separate Company, in which the Egyptian Mines Company holds a large interest, and the work done at the present time is encouraging. No. 1 shaft is down upon a 2-foot reef assaying 1 oz. 12 dwt., and there are two more shafts sunk, while a certain amount of driving and cross-cutting has been done. This camp is in the centre of an extensive series of reefs, and the work will probably result in some important chutes of gold being opened up.

Fatira is another district in the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company's concession which has been sold to a subsidiary Exploration Company in which the parent Company holds a large interest. A great deal of work has been done here, for it was one of the first places to be opened up. Very rich assays have been got. The deepest shaft is down 420 feet in the vein, which is two feet wide. A good deal of water has been met with lately in the shaft, and it seems likely that pumps will have to be sent out. In this event the Company will turn its attention for the time being to Semna, where they consider there is an excellent prospect of finding a payable proposition.

Another concession in which the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company is interested is commonly known as Bent's Concession in the Sudan. Theodore Bent had found many old workings, and the Gabait Syndicate was formed to explore and open up one or two centres. The assays have been encouraging, and it is to be hoped that the syndicate, which has spent some five or six thousand pounds upon exploration, will float a Company with ample working capital to further explore the ten thousand square miles under their control. Such a Company should have good prospects.

John Taylor and Sons have large interests in Egypt, but the attention of the public has been attracted mainly to two centres of work—Um Rus and Om Nabardi. There is no doubt that both mines will be profitable ventures. Om Nabardi, which is being worked by the Sudan Gold Mining Company, has a working capital of over



THE CENTRAL EGYPT EXPLORATION COMPANY'S CAMP AT FOWAKIR.

and the shares (with a dividend of 2s. 6d. upon them) are an attractive purchase at £3 10s. The report and balance-sheet will be before the shareholders next month.

HOME RAILWAYS.

Home Railway stocks have been a good market, with considerable improvement, as the result of broadening markets and a change for the better in trade, especially in Lancashire. Should money remain cheap, as appears likely, and the fear of international complications die down, there is every indication of both foreign and home trade proving prosperous, which is bound to react on the traffics. Great Northern, Great Central, and Lancashire and Yorkshire have shown the most activity, but there has been considerable investment-buying by the public in nearly all the better-class stocks, and the Scotch lines have, during the last few days, been in demand. It is said that the Clyde shipping industry is much more healthy. The North British traffics are good, and the Company is expected to derive considerable improvement from the Fife coalfields, while the naval base on the Forth is sure to help matters. Even if there is no increase in the dividend this year, the yield at present price is £4 12s. per cent. on the Deferred stock, and undoubtedly the future is reasonably hopeful.

EGYPTIAN MINING.

We are able to give our readers an interesting account of the progress which has been made in the gold-mining industry of Egypt, from the pen of a correspondent who is in close touch with all the chief groups interested. This week our correspondent deals with the properties which have come out of the concessions held by the pioneer concern, the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company, and in our next issue he has promised to complete the story of the present position of Egyptian gold-mining by notes on the Nile Valley and other Companies.

When we remember that the first expedition in search of gold in Egypt was that under Mr. C. J. Alford in 1899, we feel that the gold-mining industry in that country has progressed very steadily. There have been one or two disappointments, caused in the main by lack of capital, but the bulk of the Companies floated have done good work, and look like producing payable mines. The oldest Company in the field is the

seventy thousand, and at the 125-foot level the reef, though small, assays over 5 oz.; at the 160-foot level a fine body of ore has been opened up, assaying 2 oz. to the ton over a width of 4 feet. At another place a 3-foot reef is stated to be worth over 3 oz. A railway is being laid down from Wady Halfa to the mine, and an electric-power plant is being installed. Om Nabardi will one day be a very fine mine.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Definite news respecting the rumoured interference of the United States in the matter of Central American Loans must not be expected until after the Presidential Election. Therefore the market for the gambling stocks has yet a chance of a further run. It still is persistently declared that the Bonds of several of what may be loosely called the Panama Canal countries are to be amalgamated into a single Loan fathered by the United States, and representatives of the various countries are supposed to be now deliberating in Paris with reference to the reported proposals. Now, in the not very likely event of the United States doing all that rumour says she will, the lower-priced Central American Bonds may still stand no higher than they do at present, while, in view of the probable slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, we are certainly of opinion that the bonds which fall under the “rubbish” heading might well be sold now.

South American Bonds are in a pleasanter condition altogether. The investment demand that forms so strong a feature of the Stock Exchange markets at the present time will take Argentines higher before it is exhausted, and the active Bonds contain likely rises of 5 points in their current quotations. Brazilian securities are less in demand just now, partly from the fact that the country's general prosperity is not as pronounced as is that of its neighbour; but, unless Paris takes alarm at the war-news, Brazilians will go ahead with Argentines. Concerning Peruvian Corporation stocks, we admit a doubt as to whether the recent boomlet has not taken prices a little too high, but the rise in Salvador Fives seems to be well justified and may proceed further. It may be pointed out that Uruguay Bonds have moved comparatively little, despite the termination of the rebellion. Both the 5 per cent. and the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issues can be trusted to give a good account of themselves to their proprietors in the days to come.

BANK SHARES AS INVESTMENTS.

In the general levelling-up of prices that is taking place amongst the investment markets, Bank shares are not neglected. For nearly six months they fell out of favour. The dullness of business throughout the country, which was reflected tenfold in the Stock Exchange, led to smaller profits in Lombard Street, while the slump in Consols which caused the banks to write down their Goschens to 85 looked at one time as though it might go some way further, necessitating another possible writing down of this investment. But since the financial horizon began to clear, and money to show pronounced intention of remaining cheap, the people who put their money into Bank shares have not missed the opportunity of averaging purchases made at more expensive prices. Consequently, the Bank market now wears a more healthy appearance altogether, and the revival in general business promises at present to assist in the maintenance, at all events, of the dividends at their last rates, even if something better cannot be achieved.

Upon the subject of which Bank shares are the best to buy for investment, we should accord Union of London and Smith's very favourable notice. It is well managed by an enterprising directorate, and the shares yield nearly 5 per cent. on the money. There is a liability of £84 10s. per share, which is higher than that existing on most of the other metropolitan bank shares. London and Westminster have a liability of £80 per share, and so have Parr's; London and County £60, National Provincial £64 10s. and £48 on the shares ten guineas and £12 paid respectively. The unpaid capital on Lloyds is £42 per share, London City and Midland £47 10s., and Metropolitan £45, while on London and South-Western it amounts to £30. The £85 liability on Joint Stocks is the heaviest of all, and this is one reason why the shares can be bought to pay 5 per cent. on the money. National Provincials yield just about 4 per cent., but Lloyds return 4½, Westminster 4½, and Parrs the same. The three last-named are good investments, and the best of them, to our mind, is Lloyds.

The question of the liability to which we have referred cannot, of course, be neglected, but the danger is remote, and, in our opinion, the whole amount is, in the worst conceivable circumstances, never likely to be required. If the state of affairs was such that our leading banks failed, it is more than probable that the holders of National and Provincial or City and Midland shares would not have to pay more than the holders of Unions or Joint Stocks, and the difference in nominal liability would not influence us much in the choice of a share.

ROUND THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

Were it not for the Rhodesian Section, the Kaffir Circus would be almost idle in these days of better prices in its market. The rise has brought in only a small access of fresh business, and the people who have been clamouring for the big houses to make a move in the market are hard pressed to account for the continued abstinence of the public. Several of the shares we have lately indicated as useful purchases have been fulfilling our prophecies, notably Anglo-French shares, which still look cheap at a fraction under 4. We hear good reports of the Glen Deep Mine, where the management is working with tube-mills, and another share that should improve is Cason. We should greatly like to know why the Barnato Consolidated Company does not distribute some of the profits it has been making. Its stable-companion, the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, has declared 20 per cent. since the Barnato Consolidated paid its last dividend. The Consolidated Gold Fields report is due in the first week of November, and rumour is prophesying a distribution this year of certain subsidiaries' shares. Rhodesian Explorations look quite high enough, and so do Lomagundas. There is room for a fall in both.

WESTRALIAN MINES.

The improvement in Kangaroos has been principally caused by "bear" closing, and confined chiefly to a few shares, of which the most conspicuous have been Horseshoes and Kalgurlis. The scandals to which we have so many times alluded have had the effect of making the public very shy of touching Westralians, and no wonder, for what chance has the poor speculative investor against directors who use their positions to gamble in shares, or mine-managers who send over cables to suit the "books" of such masters? It has lately been suggested that the Government should offer a large reward for King's evidence and take strong criminal measures against the culprits; but the evil is, we think, likely to be increased by such means, and, after all, the shareholders are the proper persons to put an end to such practices, or even the very suspicion of them. If we could get Westralian mines into the hands of men of honour and position such as control the great gold-mines of India, we should very soon see an all-round revival.

There can be no doubt that mines like Golden Horseshoe, Great Fingalls, Ivanhoes, and Oroyas all look (if one could trust the official reports) as if they were cheap. Take the Fingall case as an example. According to the estimates of ore in sight down to the tenth level, there is a profit of £7 a share assured; the eleventh level has struck the reef, and the present price of shares (including dividend of 7s. a share) is only about £8. Again, Oroyas are said to have 75,000 tons of 4½-oz. ore and 200,000 tons of 1-oz. ore developed, which would give a total profit in sight of about £4 a share, in addition to which, in the Brownhill section of the property, there is a large amount of poor ore to be worked, and this, reckoned at only from 7 to 8 dwt. per ton, is capable of adding considerably to the profits; and yet the

shares are only 3½. Nothing but the rooted distrust of Westralia and Westralian mining methods can account for such a state of affairs.

THE NEW MEXICAN LOAN.

In these columns we have so continuously pointed out the improvement which has for years gone on in Mexican credit, that the arrangement concluded with the Mexican Government by Messrs. Speyer Brothers seems only reasonable, although it marks a further stage in the financial progress of the country. The contractors take 25,000,000 dollars of 4 per cent. Bonds firm at 90, with the option of a further 15,000,000 dollars at 91. The issue is being freely purchased in New York at 94, and the success of the loan is therefore assured. Not very long ago, Mexico could not have borrowed under 6 per cent.; then it succeeded in raising money at 5 per cent., and now its credit enables borrowing to take place on a 4 per cent. basis. The effect of the improvement in Mexican credit must, to some extent, react on South American stocks, such as Argentine issues, for there seems little reason to place the financial status of one country much above the other. It cannot be sound sense to quote Mexican 4 per cent. Bonds at 10 or 12 points higher than the corresponding securities of Argentina.

COTTON SEED: THE LAST PHASE.

Of all the sad stories of Financial bubbles from the time of Law and the South Sea madness to the present day, there are few sadder than this Cotton Seed concern. Its bald history, set out in the Committee's private and confidential report to the unfortunate shareholders, reads like a page from the report of the directors of the Company, "for the Invention of Melting Down Sawdust and Casting into Clean Deal Boards without Knots and Cracks," famous in the days of Sir Robert Walpole.

In 1898 a syndicate with a modest capital of £20,000 was formed to exploit the inventions of a Mr. Stanley, and the value placed upon the ingenuity of the inventor was £3333 in shares. A few thousand pounds were subscribed, and Mr. Alexander Young, whose name stood high in the roll of City financiers, was induced to throw the weight of his name and influence into the concern. The idea was that Mr. Stanley's process was an improvement on the existing methods of extracting oil and producing bye-products from cotton seed.

In November 1900, a Company, with a capital of £300,000, was formed to take over the syndicate's rights, Mr. Alexander Young became Chairman, his son (a solicitor) subsequently became Managing Director, and at a later stage the great house of J. S. Morgan and Co. subscribed for 100,000 further shares at 25s. each. Meanwhile, on the strength of great names and mysterious hints about negotiations for the sale of patents for fabulous millions—which negotiations the Committee are unable to verify—the price of the shares was run up to over 200 per cent. premium, and what the inventor got a modest and, perhaps, reasonable price for in 1898 was capitalised at well over a million in public estimation.

Have you seen a soap-bubble blown into the size of a penny balloon—and then burst? So it was, as might well have been expected, with the Cotton Seed Company. We have neither space nor inclination to go into the sad story told by the Committee of inflated hopes, wild dreams of untold millions, mismanagement, or rather, no management, ending in the resignation of Mr. Young and his colleagues, and the fall of the shares from 200 per cent. premium to 90 per cent. discount, at which price they may be considered dear.

There are few things more pathetic than decadence, and few decadences more pathetic than that of a City man, especially in old age; but no man and no firm can be concerned with such a fiasco as this without irreparable injury to his or their reputation, and the more the Committee's report and the late Chairman's reply are studied the more incredible does it appear that men of the once proved capacity and business aptitude of Mr. Alexander Young and the Morgans should have entertained such inflated ideas of the value of this Company's processes, and have so mismanaged what, with reasonable skill, might possibly have been made a moderately remunerative enterprise. As of kingdoms, so of finance, we can say, "Put not your trust in Princes."

Saturday, Oct. 22, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

TOOLEY.—(1) We presume you mean Foreign Lottery Bonds. If so, we should say they were not a paying investment and that you could do better with your money. (2) Yes, the prizes are really paid in the case you mention. (3) The people you name are reliable, if by that you mean that they carry out their bargains. They charge a bit over the market-price for the Bonds they sell, and you would do better to deal through N. Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street.

ERIC.—Our opinion of Kent Coal has been so often expressed that you might have saved yourself the trouble of asking. We advise you to write off your holding as a bad debt and refuse to find any more money. It would be better to give anything you can spare to some deserving charity, when you might expect a return in the next world, whereas, with Kent Coal, you will never get anything but worry for your expenditure in any world.

E. B.—(1) Chadburn's Ship Telegraph are, we believe, a fair industrial investment, either Preference or Ordinary. (2) The Lady's Pictorial report will be out in about a month. The profits will certainly cover the Preference interest more than twice over.

WELLAND.—As a speculative Industrial the concern is looked upon favourably in the market. The Preference dividends are paid quarterly—in February, May, August, and November; the Ordinary in June and December.